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JESUS ONLY.

"And when the voice was past, Jesus was found alone." — ST. LUKE ix. 36.

THE vision fades away, —
The brilliant radiance from heaven is gone ;
The angel visitants no longer stay,
Silent the Voice — Jesus is found alone.

In strange and sad amaze
The three disciples watch, with longings vain,
While the cloud-chariot floats beyond their
gaze ;
Yes, these must go — He only will remain.

"Oh, linger, leave us not,
Celestial Brothers ! heaven has seemed so near
While ye were with us — earth was all for-
got !"
See, they have vanished ; He alone is here.

"He only — He, our own,
Our loving Lord, is ever at our side.
What though the messengers of heaven are
gone !
Let all depart, if He may still abide !"

Such surely was their thought
Who stood beside Him on that wondrous eve.
So would *we* feel ; Jesus, forsake us not,
When those unutterably dear must leave !

For all their priceless love,
All the deep joy their presence could impart,
Foretaste together of the bliss above,
We thank Thee, Lord, though with a breaking
heart !

Nor murmur we to-day
That he who gave should claim his own again ;
Long from their native heaven they could
not stay,
The servants go, — the Master will remain.

Jesus is found alone —
Enough for blessedness in earth or heaven !
Yet to our weakness hath His love made
known,
More than Himself shall in the end be given.

"Not lost, but gone before,"
Are our beloved ones ; the faithful Word
Tells of a meeting-place to part no more ;
"So shall *we* be forever with the Lord !"
Sunday Magazine. H. L. L.

THE WILD BEE.

I COME at morn, when dewdrops bright
Are twinkling on the grasses,
And woo the balmy breeze in flight
That o'er the heather passes.

I swarm with many lithesome wings,
That join me, through my ramble,
In seeking for the honeyed things
Of heath and hawthorn bramble.

And languidly amidst the sedge,
When noontide is most stilly,
I loll beside the water's edge,
And climb into the lily.

I fly throughout the clover crops
Before the evening closes,
Or swoon amid the amber drops
That swell the pink moss-roses.

At times I take a longer route,
In cooling autumn weather,
And gently murmur round about
The purple-tinted heather.

To Poesy I am a friend ;
I go with Fancy linking,
And all my airy knowledge lend,
To aid him in his thinking.

Deem not these little eyes are dim
To every sense of duty ;
We owe a certain debt to him
Who clad this earth in beauty.

And therefore I am never sad,
A burden homeward bringing,
But help to make the summer glad
In my own way of singing.

When idlers seek my honeyed wine,
In wantonness to drink it,
I sparkle from the columbine,
Like some forbidden trinket ;

But never sting a friend — not one —
It is a sweet delusion,
That I may look at children run,
And smile at their confusion.

If I were man, with all his tact
And power of foreseeing,
I would not do a single act
To hurt a human being.

And thus my little life is fixed,
Till tranquilly it closes,
For wisely have I chosen 'twixt
The thorns and the roses.

Chambers' Journal.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
RECENT WORKS ON THE BUILDINGS OF
ROME.*

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

OF all the various forms of homage which the world has paid to the city which was once deemed to be its mistress, none is really more speaking than the countless multitudes of books of which Rome has been the subject. If we say that works on Roman topography have been growing for the conventional term of a thousand years, we are some centuries within the mark. We might almost venture to add another half millennium of formal and distinct descriptions of Rome, as distinguished from notices in the works of historians, poets, and professed geographers. Modern scholars still edit and comment on the topographical writings of the fourth and fifth centuries, which describe Rome as it stood when the line of the Western Cæsars, reigning in Italy at least if not in Rome, was still unbroken.† And the series goes on, through the middle ages, through the Renaissance, till we reach those great works of modern German research which have worked out every detail, both of the surviving remains and of the lost buildings, of the Eternal City. We can still track out our way round the walls of Rome by the guidance of the anonymous pilgrim from Einsiedlen in the eighth century.‡ We pause not unwillingly in the history

of the First Crusade, when the monk of Malmesbury stops his narrative to describe the topography of Rome, to tell us how the Romans, once the lords of the world, were now the lowest of mankind, who did nothing but sell all that was righteous and sacred for gold.* The chain never breaks; we have pictures of Rome in every age; but unluckily the picture drawn in each age sets before us less than the picture drawn in the age just before it. Archbishop Hildebert of Tours, whose verses William of Malmesbury copies, sang of Rome, when the marks of the sack of Robert Wiscard were still fresh upon her, as a city already ruined.† But the worst ruin had not come in his day. We may forgive the Norman and the Saracen; we may forgive the contending Roman barons; but we cannot forgive the havoc wrought by Popes and Popes' nephews in the boasted days of the Renaissance. When we look at what they have done, we may be thankful that there are still some things, heathen and Christian, which have lived through four ages of relentless destruction and disfigurement. For Rome as the monumental city, as the museum of art and history, the evil day was, not when the Goth or the Vandal or the Norman entered her gates, but when Popes came back from their place of happy banishment to destroy their city piecemeal. We may rejoice that their day is over. New causes of destruction may arise, as the capital of new-born Italy spreads itself once more over hills which have become almost as desolate as they were when the first settlers raised their huts on the Palatine. As new streets arise, there is danger that many

* 1. "Die Ruinen Roms und der Campagna." Von Dr. Franz Reber. Leipzig, 1863.

2. "Rome and the Campagna, an Historical and Topographical Description of the Site, Buildings, and Neighbourhood of Ancient Rome." By Robert Burn, M. A. Cambridge and London, 1871.

3. "Rome." By Francis Wey, with an Introduction by W. W. Story. London, 1872.

† "Die Regionen der Stadt Rom." Von L. Preller. Jena, 1846.

"Codex Urbis Romæ Topographicus." Edidit Carolus Ludovicus Ulrichs. Wirceburgi, 1871.

"Topographie der Stadt Rom im Alterthum." Von H. Jordan. Zweiter Band. Berlin, 1871.

The first volume of this last work has not yet appeared. Among the three the student will find several recensions of the text and abundant commentaries on the early and mediæval topographers of Rome.

‡ The Itinerarium Einsiedlense is printed by Ulrichs, p. 58, and the latter part by Jordan, p. 646. The former text is specially valuable, as it contains the inscriptions, many of them now lost or defaced, which were copied by the pilgrim.

* William of Malmesbury (*Gesta Regum* iv. 351.) thus begins his account of Rome: "De Roma, quæ quondam domina orbis terrarum, nunc ad comparationem antiquitatis videtur oppidum exiguum, et de Romanis, olim rerum dominis gentesque togata, qui nunc sunt hominum inertissimi, auro trutinantes justitiam, pretio venditantes canonum regulam."

† The verses of Hildebert begin thus:

"Par tibi Roma nihil, cum sis prope tota ruina;
Quam magni fueris integra, fracta doces."

Presently after we read:

"Non tamen aut fieri par stanti machina muro,
Aut restaurari sola ruina potest."

relics of old Rome, many ruined fragments, many foundations which have to be looked for beneath the earth, may be swept away or hopelessly hidden. But the main source of evil is dried up; there is no fear of columns being pounded into lime, no fear of perfect or nearly perfect buildings being used as quarries; perhaps even there is less danger of that subtler form of destruction which cloaks itself under the garb of restoration. All has become, if not wholly safe, at least safer than it was, now that the power which so long boasted itself that it could do mischief is happily banished beyond the bounds of the ancient Rome, shut up in a modern palace in a suburb which formed no part of the city either of Servius or of Aurelian.

Of the general antiquities of Rome, of its early topography and early history, and of the light which modern researches have thrown upon them, I do not mean to speak here at any length. The history of Rome is indeed written in her monuments, and new pages of that history, above all in its earliest chapters, are almost daily brought to light. We can now see many things in a new light through the great works of digging which are still going on in various parts of the city, above all on the spot which was the cradle of Rome and on the spot which was the centre of her full-grown life, on the Palatine Hill and in the Roman Forum. But the pages of history which are thus brought to light are pages which need the greatest caution in reading. They are oracles which tell their own tale, but which tell it only to inquirers who draw near in the spirit of sound criticism, not in that of blind belief or hasty conjecture. Of all the works of men's hands in the Eternal City, two classes speak to the mind with a deeper interest than any others. The first are the small remains of primitive times, the still-abiding relics of the days when the Ramnes of the Palatine and the Titienses of the Capitol lived each on their separate hills, as distinct and hostile tribes. These relics speak of the first birth of Rome; next to them, almost beyond them from the point of view of universal history, come, in

deep and enthralling interest, the memorials of Rome's second birth, of the day when with a new faith she put on a new life. Between these two periods of birth and of revival, the time of mere dominion, the time of the Republic and of the earlier Empire, has but a secondary charm. Its proudest monuments yield in interest, as historical memorials, alike to the foundations of the primæval *Roma Quadrata* and to the churches reared in all the zeal of newly-won victory out of the spoils of the temples of decaying heathendom. The purely artistic student naturally looks on them with other eyes. The stones of the primitive fortress can hardly claim the name of works of art at all. And the basilicas, built with columns brought from other buildings, columns often of unequal proportions, and crowned with capitals of different orders, are apt to be looked on simply as signs of the depth of degradation into which art had fallen. Of these two propositions the truth of the former cannot be denied; the latter is true or false according to the way in which the history of art is looked at. The fortresses of primæval days from which, if we only read them aright, we may learn such precious lessons of primæval history, are hardly to be called works of architecture; they are simply works of construction. They are simply the putting together of stones, sometimes in a ruder, sometimes in a more workmanlike fashion, to serve a practical need. There is no system of decoration, no ornament of any kind, upon them. Indeed among the scanty remains which we have of primæval work at Rome we could not look for any system of decoration. There is not so much as a gateway of the primæval fortress left to us, and in no age should we ask for much of architectural detail in the mouth of a sewer or in the roof of an underground well-house.* Had Rome never risen higher than the other cities

* All scholars seem now agreed that the lower story of the building which bears the name — mediæval only, but still perhaps traditional — of the Mamertine Prison, was at first simply a well-house or *tullianum*, and that, when it was afterwards used as a prison, the true meaning of its name was forgotten, and it was connected with the legendary King Servius Tullius.

of Latium, she might have been as rich in remains of these early times as some of the other cities of Latium still are. Still in the early remains of Rome, scanty as they are, in these abiding relics of a time when the names and deeds of men are still legendary, we can see clear signs of two stages in the art of construction. We can see a stage when the greatest of all constructive inventions was still unknown, and another stage when it was already familiar. We can see in Rome, as in Latium, in Greece, in Ireland, and in Central America, works of the time when men were still striving after the great invention of the arch. We can see works which are clearly due to a stage when men were still trying various experiments, when they were making various attempts to bring stones so as to overlap and support one another, but when the perfect arch, with its stones poised in mid-air by a law of mutual mechanical support, had not yet rewarded the efforts of those who were feeling their way towards it. The roof of the Tullianum is no true vault, any more than the roof of New Grange or of the Treasury at Mykéné. In some of the passages connected with it the roof has real mutually supporting *voussoirs*; but the shape of the *voussoirs* is still polygonal; the most perfect form of the arch had not yet been lighted on. In the Cloaca Maxima we find the round arch in its simplest form, but in a form perfect as regards its construction. This great invention, which was independently made over and over again in times and places far apart from one another, was also made at Rome, or at all events somewhere in Central Italy. The round arch, the great invention of Roman art, the very embodiment of Roman strength and massiveness, the constructive expression of the boundaries which were never to yield, of the dominion which was never to pass away, came into being in a work characteristically Roman. The beginning of Roman architecture is to be found, not in a palace or in a temple, but in those vast drains which were said to form an underground city, rivalling in extent the city which they bore aloft.

What Rome began in her sewers, she carried out in her gateways, in her aqueducts, in her baths and her amphitheatres. Other nations invented the round arch as well as Rome; in Rome alone it found an abiding home. It was only in Rome, and in the lands which learned their arts from Rome, that it became the great constructive feature, used on a scale which, whatever we say of the Roman architects, stamps the Roman builders as the greatest that the world ever saw. But it was not till, in common belief, the might, the glory, and the art of Rome had passed away, that Rome, working in her own style in the use of her own great constructive invention, learned to produce, not only mighty works of building, but consistent works of architecture.

In this way the two turning points in the history of Rome, her birth and her new birth, the days of her native infancy and the days when she rose to a new life at the hands of her Christian teachers and her Teutonic conquerors, are brought into the closest connection with one another. From the point of view of the unity of history, the course of the architecture of Rome strikingly answers to the course of the literature of Rome. Her architecture and her literature alike are, during the time of Rome's greatest outward glory, during the ages which purists mark out by the invidious name "classical," almost wholly of an imitative kind. As men followed Greek models in literature and clothed Roman words and thoughts in the borrowed metres of Greece, so men followed Greek models in art also. They clothed a Roman body in a Greek dress, and masked the true Roman construction under a borrowed system of Greek ornamental detail. In both cases the true national life was simply overshadowed; it was never wholly trampled out. While philosophy and rhetoric, epic and lyric poetry, were almost wholly imitative, law and satire and, to some extent, history remained national. So too in architecture. If we stand in the Forum and admire the exotic grace of the columns of the temple of Vespasian and of the Great

Twin Brethren, the eye rests also on the gigantic vaults of the Basilica of Constantine. We may even catch a distinct glimpse of the huge arcaded mass of the Flavian Amphitheatre, nor do we wholly turn away from the arch of Severus and the small fragments of the disfigured arcades of the Tabularium. All these are Roman works; Greek decorative elements are to be traced in all of them; but what stands out in all its boldness, in all its dignity, is the true native art of Rome. That is the art which used the round arch as its constructive feature, and which could therefore bridge over and bind together distant spaces which were altogether beyond the reach of the Greek system of the column and entablature. When we see the Roman system of construction carried out on the mightiest scale, when, in such a pile as Caracalla's Baths, we see Roman art preparing itself to influence the world as purely Greek art never could do, it is not amiss to remember that at the same moment men like Ulpian and Paulus were building up that great fabric of purely Roman Law which was in the like sort to influence the world, to be the source of the jurisprudence of modern Europe, and to win for Rome a wider dominion than was ever won for her by the arms of Julius and Trajan. At last the two great elements of revolution drew nigh. New nations were knocking at the gates of Rome, asking, not to wipe out her name or to destroy her power, but rather to be themselves admitted to bear the one and to wield the other. A new creed, born in one of her distant provinces, was making its way, in the teeth of all opposition, to become the creed of the Roman Empire and of all lands which bowed to Roman rule, whether as subjects or as disciples. Diocletian might be the persecutor of the Church and Constantine might be her nursing-father; but both alike were men of the same period; each had a share in the same work. Each alike marks a stage in the change by which the chief magistrate of the Roman Commonwealth grew, first into the despotic sovereign girt with the trappings of eastern royalty, and then into the foreign King who came to be anointed as Cæsar and Augustus with the rites of a creed of which the first bearers of those names had never heard. Under the line of Emperors from Diocletian to Theodosius the real influence of Rome was not ending, but beginning. And it was in these days too that the architecture of

Rome fittingly cast off its great fetters, and stood forth in a form which was to be the root of the later architecture of all Europe. The construction which first showed itself in the Great Sewer, at last won for itself a consistent form of decoration in the palace of Diocletian and in the churches of Constantine.

The history of Roman architecture, as a whole, is still to be written, because the history of Rome itself, as a whole, is still to be written. Writers who deal with the architecture of Rome, or with anything else that belongs to Rome, from any of those special points of view which are implied in the words "classical," "medieval," and "modern," are often doing admirable service within their own special range, but they are not grappling with the subject as a whole. I have now to speak only of the buildings of Rome, and not of any of the other aspects of Roman history; but the same law applies to all. I have put at the head of this article the names of three books published within the last twelve years, of which the first two are of a very different character from the third. The volumes of Professor Reber and Mr. Burn are of the utmost value to the student of Roman topography and history in every way that has to do with the buildings of classical and pagan Rome. But there they stop. Alongside of sound and scholar-like books like these one would hardly have ventured to mention a book like that of M. Wey, which does not aspire to anything higher than pleasant gossiping talk, save for one thing only. M. Wey, in his unsystematic rambles, has in one sense bridged over the gap better than the careful research of the German and the English scholar. He has at least dealt with Pagan temples and Christian churches in one volume as parts of one subject. In architectural matters, as well as in other matters, we have to fight against the superstition that Rome came to an end in 476. This superstition, as applied to art, naturally demands that a wide line should be drawn between the heathen basilica which Maxentius reared and of which Constantine took the credit, and the Christian basilica which Constantine reared in readiness for the crowning of his Teutonic successor. From my point of view, we can no more draw any wide line in matters of architecture than we can in matters of law or language or religion. The story is one, without a break, almost without a halting place. The former

part of the tale is imperfect without the latter; the latter part is unintelligible without the former. Rome invented the round arch at an early stage of her history. She has used it down to our own day in every stage of her history. But it was in that stage of her history which is marked by the reigns of Diocletian and Constantine that she first made the round arch the leading feature of an independent and harmonious style of architecture. This aspect of Roman history, like every other, should be written as one story, and as yet it has not been written as one story. I still long to see the history of the genuine Roman buildings of Rome, from the first strivings after the arch in the roof of the Tullianum to the church of the third Otto and the house of Crescentius, traced out as one single volume of the history of art, the later pages of which must not be unkindly torn away from the earlier.

The many works, chiefly the result of German scholarship, by which the topography and early history of Rome have been so largely illustrated during the last forty years deal of course largely with the buildings of all dates; but their object is hardly to supply a connected history of architecture at Rome. But the minute and splendidly illustrated volume of Professor Reber is specially devoted to the buildings of the city, and it deals elaborately with their architectural detail. In Mr. Burn's book also, the buildings occupy, though not an exclusive, yet a prominent, place, and they are largely illustrated by engravings. And both the German and the English writer give us also an introduction specially devoted to a sketch of the origin and growth of Roman architecture down to the point at which they unluckily stop. Both books give the result of real research and sound scholarship, but of course the work of Professor Reber, as specially devoted to the buildings, treats their details in a more elaborate and technical way. And if Professor Reber is a little too believing as to the traditions of early times, it is a fault which does little damage in a work which by its nature is almost wholly concerned with the remains of the historical ages. Our only complaint is that so diligent an inquirer and so clear an expositor did not go on further. It would surely not have been a task unworthy of his powers to have given the same skill with which he has traced out the buildings of earlier times to trace out the first estate of the head church of

Rome and Christendom. The same power which can call up the Flavian Amphitheatre in its ancient form might also call up the mighty pile of the old Saint Peter's, when the crowning place of the Cæsars had not been swept away for the gratification of papal vanity. The narrow prejudices which once looked on such buildings as these as worthless and barbarous, unworthy of a glance or a thought from the eye or the mind of taste, have surely passed away along with the kindred prejudice which once looked with the same contempt on the wonders of mediæval skill in our own and in other northern lands. The early Christian buildings of Rome and Ravenna are indeed far from lacking their votaries; they have been in many quarters carefully studied and illustrated, and their history has been carefully traced out. What is needed is to put them thoroughly in their true relation with regard to the buildings which went before them and to the buildings which followed them. The steps by which the arrangements of the earliest churches grew out of the arrangements of pagan buildings have been already often traced out; but it is no less needful to show the steps by which both the system of construction and the architectural detail of the so-called classical period changed into the construction and the detail of what the classical purist is tempted to look on as the barbarous Romanesque. In architecture, as in everything else, the works of the true Middle Age, the time when two worlds stood side by side, is the time which, in the view of universal history, has an interest beyond all other times. But with regard to architecture, just as with regard to other things, it is exactly the period which is least studied and least understood. It is neglected because of that very transitional character which gives it its highest interest. There is a classical school and there is a mediæval school; each studies the works of its own favourite class in the most minute detail; but the intermediate period, the period whose works tie together the works on each side of it into one unbroken series, is looked on by both parties as lying without its range. The classical purist looks on a basilican church as something hopelessly barbarous—something put together out of fragments ruthlessly plundered from buildings of a better age. He sees a sign of degraded taste in the greatest step in advance which architecture ever took since the arch itself was

brought to perfection, in that bold stroke of genius by which Diocletian's architect at Spalato first called into being a consistent round-arched style. On the other hand there is, or was a few years back, a school which looked on the old Saint John's and the old Saint Peter's as buildings only half escaped from paganism, and which professed itself grieved to see an Ionic or Corinthian capital placed, even in an architectural treatise, side by side with what it was pleased to call "the sacred details of Christian art." By these "sacred details" were meant the details of the architecture of England, France, and Germany from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. Between two such sets of narrow prejudices as these, the buildings of the intermediate time, the time when the true Roman construction was throwing off its incongruous Grecian mask, have, for the most part, fared but badly. A small special school gave itself to their study, but they have been cast aside by the two larger schools on either side of it.

I have more than once, in different ways, tried to set forth the seeming paradox that the architecture of the so-called "classic" days of Rome is really a transition from the Grecian, the pure style of the entablature, to the Romanesque, the fully developed style of the round arch. The case is perfectly plain. The Greek architecture works its main constructive features, the column and the entablature, into its main ornamental features. The Romanesque architecture also works its main constructive features, the round arch and the piers or columns on which it rests, into its main ornamental features. The classical Roman, coming between the two, does not follow this universal law of all good architecture. Sometimes, as in most of the temples, it simply imitates Greek forms; in other buildings it commonly uses the round arch as the principal constructive feature, but masks it, as far as it can, under a system of decoration borrowed from the Greek construction. This inconsistency marks the classical Roman style as an imperfect and transitional style. The difficulty in accepting this doctrine comes from two causes. Till men have learned to take wide views of history as a whole, it is hard for them to believe that the time of the seeming decline of Rome was really the time of her new birth. It is hard for them to believe that the time of Diocletian and Constantine was, in architecture or in anything else, an advance on the

time of Augustus or Trajan. And this belief is strengthened by the fact that, in the subsidiary arts, in painting, sculpture, and the like, the later time really was a time of decline. But when we once take in the position which the age of Diocletian and Constantine holds in universal history, we shall at once see that it is exactly the age in which great architectural developments were to be looked for. It is certain, as the ornaments of the arch of Constantine prove, that in Constantine's day the mere art of sculpture had gone down not a little since the days of Trajan. It is certain also that the bricks of the age of Constantine are not so closely and regularly fitted together as the bricks of the age of Nero. But there is no absurdity in holding that, while the arts of the sculptor and of the bricklayer went down, the art of the architect might go up. If we allow that the chief merit of architecture is consistency, that the constructive and the decorative system should go hand in hand, architecture was certainly advancing, while the subsidiary arts were decaying. Through the whole "classical" period construction and decoration were kept asunder: the construction was Roman; the decoration was Greek. It was only in buildings which needed little or no decoration that the inconsistency is avoided. In an amphitheatre the Greek elements are so secondary that they do not force themselves on the eye; the half columns have sunk into something like the pilasters of a Romanesque building, and the general effect is that of a consistent round-arched style. In some amphitheatres, and in bridges and aqueducts, the Greek ornamental features vanish altogether, and we see the Roman construction standing out in all its grand and simple majesty. Buildings of this kind are the direct parents of the plainer and more massive forms of Romanesque, such as we see in many of the great churches of Germany. But such a style as this is essentially plain, essentially massive, and there are places where buildings are wanted which are at once lighter and more enriched. The beginnings of a light and ornamental round-arched style showed themselves when the arch was first allowed to spring directly from the capital of the column. We now have for the first time a pure and consistent round-arched style, better suited for the inside of a church or hall or other large building than the massive arches of the amphitheatre and the aqueduct. And when the column and arch were once es-

tablished as the main constructive features, they naturally supplied a new system of decoration. As arched buildings had once been inconsistently decorated with ornamental columns and entablatures, they could now be consistently decorated with ornamental arcades. We see the beginning of this system as early as the church of Saint Apollinaris at Classis; and from thence, diverging at one time into the wilder and ruder forms of Lorsch and Earls Barton, it grows into the endless decorative arcades of Pisa and Lucca, and into the more moderate use of the same kind of enrichment in the Romanesque of Normandy and England. Thus it was that Romanesque grew up. Change the form of the arch, devise a system of mouldings and other ornaments which suit the new form of arch, and Romanesque changes into Gothic. The hall of Spalato is thus the true beginning of every later form of good and consistent architecture. It is the immediate parent of Durham and Pisa; it is the more distant parent of Westminster and Amiens.

On the whole, the course of the earlier stages of this long history can be nowhere so well studied as in Rome. Ravenna has its own charm and its own lesson. It has a perfectly unique collection of buildings of an age of which there are few buildings elsewhere. In the later forms of Romanesque Rome is far less rich than Pisa and Lucca, or than Milan and Pavia; and of Gothic, even of Italian Gothic, there is at Rome all but an absolute lack. But nowhere else can we find the same store of pagan and early Christian buildings standing side by side. Nowhere therefore can we so well trace out the steps by which the inconsistent classical Roman style was improved into the consistent Romanesque. We start from the very beginning. We have seen in Rome the invention—one of the many independent inventions—of the arch itself. But, as far as we can see, Rome failed to make the most of her own invention. If we had any perfect buildings of the time of the Kings and of the early Republic, we should be better able to follow out our subject. But, as far as we can see, the charm of Greek art, the exquisite loveliness of Greek forms, cut short all native effort in this as in other ways. Rome, in her most brilliant days, failed to form a native architecture, just as she failed to form a native literature. We gaze with admiration on the exquisite examples which Rome has to show of

the transplanted art of Greece; we call up before our eyes the full splendour of the vast expanse of colonnades, the ranges of temples and palaces and basilicas, which covered the hills and valleys of Rome. Imagination fails as it strives to conceive the spreading forest of marble which gathered round the soaring column from which the sculptured form of Trajan looked down on his mighty works. And yet, if we could see them in their splendour, an eye accustomed to other forms of art might perhaps grow weary of the endless repetition of one idea. We might feel that we had had more than enough of the stiff forms of the Grecian portico; we might weary of horizontal lines, of flat roofs, however rich with bronze or gilding. We might long to see the unvaried outline broken by the spreading cupolas of Byzantium, by the tall campaniles of mediæval Italy, or by the heaven-piercing spires of Germany and England. We might feel too that, after all, the splendours of Rome were not Roman, that the conqueror had simply decked himself out in the borrowed plumes of conquered Hellas. In such a mood, we might turn away from the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, from the vast Julian Basilica at its foot, to those works in which somewhat of a Roman spirit showed itself beneath the mask and varnish of the foreign system of ornament. A plain arch of brick, even if put together with the utmost skill of the days of Nero, is in itself a far less beautiful object than a fluted column crowned by a Corinthian capital. But on the soil of Rome the arch of brick is native, and the Corinthian capital is foreign. A day was to come when the foreign form of beauty was to be pressed into the service of the native form of construction; but that day was still far distant. The two forms still stood side by side, either standing wholly apart or else welded into one whole by a process of union much like that which was delighted in by the mythical Etruscan tyrant.* We might mark, as we still mark, with more of wonder than of pleasure, the attempt of

* I need hardly quote the description of the Virgilian Mezentius:

"Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis."

Certainly nothing can be more truly living than the grand conception of the really Roman part of the Pantheon, while the Greek portico had become something very nearly dead, with the unfluted columns, the disproportionate pediment, and the frieze where—undoubtedly very much for the convenience of historians—the name of a living man took the place once allotted to the sculptured forms of gods and heroes.

Agrippa to tie on a would-be Grecian portico to a truly Roman body. And when we see that the classic architect knew no better way of lighting so great and splendid a pile than by making a hole in the top which left its pavement to be drenched by every passing shower, we might turn to the ranges of windows in some despised early Christian church, and think that, in one respect at least, the builders of the days of Constantine and Theodosius had made some improvements on the arts of the days of Augustus. From such an incongruous union of two utterly distinct principles of building we might turn with satisfaction to those buildings where the real Roman spirit prevails, more truly Roman sometimes in their decay, when the Greek casing has been picked away from them, than they could ever have been in the days of their perfection. The Baths of Caracalla, the Temple of Venus and Rome, the Basilica of Maxentius or of Constantine, as they now stand ruined, show only their Roman features. They amaze us by the display of the constructive powers of the arch on the very grandest scale. In the days of their glory, features of Greek decoration, beautiful no doubt in themselves, but out of place as the mask of such a noble reality, must have marred the vast and simple majesty of the true Roman building. As it is we see in them links in a chain which takes in the Cloaca Maxima at one end and the naves of Mainz and Speyer at the other; when they were perfect, their exotic features might have made them as inharmonious as the Pantheon. We can admire the theatre of Marcellus, we can almost forgive the purpose of the Flavian Amphitheatre, when we see how completely the Roman element has triumphed over the Greek. So, in one feature especially Roman, one for which the habits and the arts of other nations could supply no parallel, in the triumphal arches, we see the native Roman forms stand forth as the leading feature of the structure, while the Greek features, the columns added simply for ornament, gradually lose their importance. In the arches of Severus and Constantine the columns have lost much of the importance which they have in the arches of Drusus and Titus. But the most consistent work of the kind is really the despised arch of Gallienus, where the round arch boldly spans the way, and where the Greek element has shrunk up into a shallow pilaster which has almost to be

looked for. We are told that the Janus Quadrifrons was once adorned with detached columns; but they are gone and we do not miss them. The old Latin deity might be well satisfied with the four bold arches and the vault which were the creation of his own land; he needed not the further enrichment of features borrowed from the temples of the deities of another mythology. In all these examples, and in many more—wherever, in short, use came first and decoration second—the Roman forms hold an undoubted supremacy, and sometimes they have banished the foreign element altogether. But it was a higher achievement—to lay hold on the noblest feature of the foreign style, to press it into the service of the native construction, to teach the columns of Greece to bear the arches of Rome. What the entablature was in the Greek system the arch was in the Roman, and no greater step in the history of art was ever taken than when it was found that the column which had given so much grace and beauty to the one construction could be made to give equal grace and beauty to the other. At the bidding of Diocletian consistent round-arched architecture first showed itself. The restorer and organizer of the Empire might fittingly be also the restorer and organizer of the building art. The Emperor who handed on the legacy of Rome to so many ages might well be also the creator of a type of building which contained in itself the germ of every good and consistent building which was to follow it.

It is at this point that our guides fail us, that they hand us over to other guides, and that they leave us to bridge the chasm which yawns between them for ourselves. Chasm in truth there is none; all is true and genuine growth, step by step, though the battle was long and hard, longer and harder in Rome itself than it was elsewhere. At Ravenna the triumph of the arched system, with the arches resting on columns, seems to have been complete from the moment that the city became an Imperial dwelling-place. Nowhere in the buildings of Placidia or Theodoric do we see the columns still supporting the entablature. Nowhere at Ravenna are the horizontal lines of the outside of the Grecian temple transferred to the inside of the Christian church. But the triumph of the new style was perhaps less thorough because it was so speedy. Nowhere at Ravenna does the arch rest, as it does at Spalato, at once on the abacus of the column. An interme-

diate member, which is not without its constructive use, but which is artistically a survival, though no more than a survival, of the broken entablature, is thrust in between them.* At Rome, on the other hand, the two modes of construction went on side by side, and the entablature remained in occasional use to divide the nave and aisles of Roman churches, after the northern architects had exchanged the round arch itself for the more aspiring pointed forms. Of the three greatest churches of Rome, the first in rank, the church of Saint John Lateran, the true metropolitan church of Rome, the Mother Church of the City and of the World, used the arch in all its perfection in that long range of columns which papal barbarism has so diligently laboured to destroy. But in the Liberian Basilica on the Esquiline the entablature—save again where triple-crowned destroyers have cut through its long unbroken line—reigns as supreme as the arch does in the Lateran. In the Vatican Basilica both forms were used; but the entablature had the precedence. It was used in the main rows of columns which divided the nave from the main aisles, while the arcade was used only to divide the main aisles from the secondary aisles beyond them. It was between the long horizontal lines of the elder form of art, lines suggesting the days of Augustus rather than the days of Diocletian, that Charles and Henry and Frederick marched to receive the crown which Diocletian rather than Augustus had bequeathed to them. And, as if to make the balance equal, the church of the brother Apostle, standing beyond the walls of Leo no less than beyond the walls of Servius and Aurelian, the great basilica of Saint Paul, modern as it is in its actual fabric, preserves, better than any other, the form of a great church with arches resting on the columns, the memory in short of what the patriarchal church itself once was. In the lesser churches the arched form is by far the most common, but the entablature keeps possession of a minority which is by no means contemptible. And at last it appears again, by a kind of dying effort, in the work of Honorius the Fourth in the basilica of Saint Lawrence, a work distant only by a few years from the last finish of Pisa, from the first beginnings of Salisbury. That the struggle at Rome

should have been thus long and hard is in no way wonderful. Of the pagan buildings of Ravenna nothing remains but a few inscribed stones and such like, and the columns which are used up again in the churches. Not a single temple or other building is standing, even in ruins. They most likely perished early. The position of Ravenna was more like that of the New Rome than that of the Old. The city sprang at once, in Christian times, from the rank of a naval station to that of an abode of Emperors. But at Rome, where the stores of earlier buildings were so endless, where paganism held its ground so long, and where so many of the pagan temples were spared till a very late time, the older mode of building was not likely to be forsaken all at once. The churches had either been basilicas or were built after the model of the basilicas. And in the basilicas, the rows of columns which divided the building, the beginning of nave and aisles, certainly supported, down at least to the days of Diocletian and Constantine, not arches, but a straight entablature. Saint Mary on the Esquiline therefore, in its long horizontal lines, simply clave to the existing fashion; the arches of Saint John Lateran and of Saint Paul were an innovation which had to fight its way against received practice.

But the transition may be traced, not only in the construction and arrangement of buildings, but in their ornamental details. Classical purism allows of only a very few forms of capital. There are the three Greek orders in their pure state, and at Rome it would be hard to shut out their Roman modifications. The peculiar Roman or Composite capital, the union of Ionic and Corinthian forms, may perhaps be admitted by straining a point. But there toleration ends. Yet one may surely say that, though the Greek forms are among the loveliest creations of human skill, yet, if men are confined in this way to three or four models, they are sure to weary of their sameness. The Corinthian capital is as beautiful an arrangement of foliage as can be devised; but it is hard to be forbidden either to attempt other arrangements of foliage or to seek for ornament in other forms besides foliage. The later Roman builders clearly thought so; they brought in various varieties, which it is easy to call corruptions, but which it is just as easy to call developments. Among the vast stores of capitals which are to be found among the buildings of Rome, there are many which,

* The Ravenna *stilt* may be compared with the *stilt* between the column and the entablature in Egyptian architecture. In the Saracenic styles it became a great feature with both round and pointed arches.

though they follow the general type of the Ionic or the Corinthian order, do not rigidly follow the types of those orders which are laid down by technical rules. Professor Reber has given some examples of this departure from rigid technical exactness even in the Colosseum itself. The forms used in the Colosseum are certainly not improvements; the point is that there should be varieties of any kind. But I must speak in a different tone of certain capitals, to my mind of singular splendour and singular interest, which lie neglected among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. The artist has been so far from confining himself to one prescribed pattern, either of volute or of acanthus-leaves, that he has ventured to employ vigorously carved human or divine figures as parts of the enrichment of his capitals. And among the stores of fragments which lie in the lower gallery of the Tabularium, there are a number of capitals which go even further, capitals of which the volute is formed by the introduction of various animal figures. If it be true that the volute took its origin from a ram's horn, such a change is something like going back again to the beginning. In these capitals, some at least of which, if not "classical," are certainly pagan, we get the beginning of that lavish employment of animal figures in Romanesque capitals of which we have many examples in England and Normandy, but the best forms of which are certainly to be found in some of the German and Italian buildings. At Wetzlar and at Gelnhausen, at Milan, Monza, and Pavia, we may see how ingeniously the volute can be made out of various arrangements of the heads of men, lions, bulls, and the primitive ram himself, and how, in the noblest type of all, it is formed by the bird of Cæsar bowing his head and folding his wings, as if in the presence of his master. Such forms as these may be grotesque, fanciful, barbarous, according to technical rules; I venture to see in them perfectly lawful efforts of artistic and inventive skill. And at any rate, here we have the beginning of them, in Roman buildings early in the third century. And there is another building which I have always looked on with especial interest, the small range of columns, the remains of the Temple of the Dii Consentes, immediately below the *clivus* of the Capitol. Here is a work of pagan reaction, a temple consecrated to the old Gods of Rome after some of the earliest Christian churches were already built. As a mon-

ument of the religious and artistic history of Rome, it has the same kind of interest which we feel when we find, ever and anon at home, a church built or adorned after the elder fashion during the reaction under Philip and Mary. This temple was the work of a devout and zealous pagan, Prætextatus the friend of Julian, though it was built, not during the reign of his patron, but in the tolerant days of Valentinian. This building, as a pagan building, as part of the buildings of the Forum, comes within Professor Reber's ken. We have to thank him for illustrating its remarkable capitals, in which we find neither human nor animal forms, but, by an equal departure from the ideal precision of any known order, the place of the figures of Hercules and Bacchus in the capitals of Caracalla is supplied by armour and weapons in the form of a trophy. Both Professor Reber and Mr. Burn note these steps in architectural development. Why do they not go on to notice the next step, when we find capitals of the same anomalous kind used up again in the Laurentian Basilica? From thence another easy step leads us to the use of the same forms in the churches of Lucca, and one more step leads us to the western portal of Wetzlar and to the Imperial palace at Gelnhausen.

The complaint then which I have to make is that we have excellent works illustrating the pagan antiquities of Rome, and excellent works illustrating the Christian antiquities of Rome, but that we have no book, as far as I know, which clearly and scientifically traces out the connection between the two, and which sets them forth as being both alike members of one unbroken series. In M. Wey's book I can at least turn from a picture of the Temple of Saturn to a picture of the church of Saint Clement, even though either may be picturesquely mixed up with a picture of a peasant or a buffalo. Professor Reber and Mr. Burn give me all that I can want up to a certain point; only then they stop, without any reason that I can see for stopping.

I have two more remarks to make on the connection between the Pagan and the early Christian buildings of Rome. The exclusive votaries of classical antiquity sometimes raise a not unnatural outcry at the barbarism of Popes, Emperors, and Exarchs — the memory of Theodoric forbids us to add Kings — in building their churches out of the spoils of older buildings. But what were they to do? They naturally looked on the question in a

wholly different way from that in which it is natural for us to look at it. They had no antiquarian feeling about the matter; such feelings at least were far stronger in the breast of the Goth than they were in the breast of the Roman. The feeling of a Bishop or of a zealous Emperor or magistrate would rather be that with which Jehu or Josiah brake down the house of Baal. The temples were standing useless; churches were needed for the worship of the new faith; the arrangements of the temples seldom allowed of their being turned into churches as they stood, while they supplied an endless store of columns which could be easily carried off and set up again in a new building. The act cannot fairly be blamed; in a wider view of history and art it can hardly be regretted.

Besides this objection from outside, which may make some minds turn away from the study of the early Christian buildings at Rome, there is another remark, an admission it may be called, to be made from within. There can be no doubt that the form which was chosen for the early churches, though it fostered art in many ways, checked it, in the West at least, in one way. The arch is the parent of the vault; the vault is the parent of the cupola; and to have brought these three forms to perfection is the glory of Roman art. But for some ages the continuity of Roman art in this respect is to be looked for in the New Rome and not in the Old. The type of church which was adopted at Constantinople allowed the highest development of the art of vaulting, and sent it in its perfect form back again into the Western lands where it had first begun. Saint Mark is the child of Saint Sophia, and Saint Front at Périgueux is the child of Saint Mark. But the oblong basilican type of the Roman churches had no place for the cupola, and the one objection to the use of the column as a support for the arch is that it makes it hardly possible to cover the building with a vault. The vault and the dome were therefore used in the West only in the exceptional class of round buildings, and in the apses of the basilican churches. The basilican churches had only wooden roofs, and their naves could be made no wider than was consistent with being covered with a wooden roof. Sometimes, as in the basilica which bears the name of Saint Cross in Jerusalem, where an ancient building of great width has been turned into a church, the single body of the old structure is divided

by longitudinal ranges of columns in the new. In short, at the very moment when the arch won its greatest triumph, both of construction and of decoration, architecture, as far as the roof was concerned, fell back on the principle of the entablature. The practice of vaulting large spaces, such as we see in the Baths of Caracalla and the basilica of Maxentius, went altogether out of use, till a distant approach to the boldness of the old Roman construction came in again in the great German minsters of the twelfth century.

It is the round-arched buildings, and especially the early type of them, which form the main wealth of the Christian architecture of Rome. The later Romanesque gave Rome one boon only, but that was a precious one. Rome now gained, what she had never had either in Pagan or in early Christian times, something to break the monotony of her horizontal lines. The pagan temple was all glorious without; the Christian basilica was all glorious within; but neither of them had anything in its external outline to lead the eye or the mind upward. That lack was supplied by the tall narrow bell-towers which add so much to the picturesqueness of many a view in Rome, and which are the only mediæval works which at all enter into the general artistic aspect of the city. Of the sham Gothic of Italy Rome has happily but little to show. The sprawling arches of Rome's one Gothic church by the Pantheon show that we are on the way to the time of utter destruction. They are the pioneers of the havoc of the Renaissance. Rome was now at last to be truly sacked by the barbarians. We may pass by the ravage wrought on the temples at the foot of the Capitol, on the Colosseum, on the stately columns of Nerva's Forum. One who has followed the line of argument of this article will perhaps rather be inclined to mourn over the destroyed and disfigured churches of the early days of Roman Christianity. Then it was that the fury of the destroyer was let loose on the venerable piles which Constantine had reared and where Theodoric had made his offerings. Pope after Pope had the pleasure of writing up his name, of recording his "munificence," on the holy places which he laid waste. The disfigurement of Saint John Lateran, the destruction of Saint Peter's, may stand on record as the great exploits of papal rule in Rome. Men enter the modern Vatican Basilica and wonder why the building seems so

much smaller than it really is. We may be sure that no man wondered on that score in the ancient building, as no man now wonders in the restored church of Saint Paul. No wonder that the building looks small when three arches have taken the place of twenty-four intercolumniations; the vastness of the parts takes away from the vastness of the whole. In this mood we turn from the boasted glory of the Renaissance to try and call up to our minds the likeness of the nobler pile which has passed away. That dreary and forsaken apse, that front which it needs some faith to believe to be part of a church at all, may pass away from our thoughts. They have sprung up on ground which no part of the old basilica ever covered. We turn from the work of the Borghese to the portal of ancient times, when the one imperial tomb which Rome still holds was not yet thrust down out of sight and out of mind.* We enter, and, as the eye hurries along the few yawning arches of the nave, we long for the days when it might have rested step by step along the endless ranges of its columns. And even the majesty of the dome cannot make us forget that on its site once stood the altar, not as now, standing alone and forlorn, with its huge baldacchino further to lessen the effect of size and dignity, but standing in its place, canopied by the apse blazing with mosaics, with the throne of the Patriarch rising in fitting dignity among his presbyters, the throne from which a worthier Leo than the Medicean destroyer came down on the great Christmas feast, first to place the crown of Rome on the head of the Frankish Patrician, and then, as a subject before his sovereign, to adore the majesty of the Frankish Cæsar.† We turn from the church of the Emperors to the special church of the Popes, to their own forsaken home on the Lateran, to the patriarchal church, disfigured indeed, but not, like its successful rival, wholly destroyed. We strive to call up the pile as it stood when its columns, its arches, were still untouched, not only before the destroyers of later times had hidden the marble columns beneath dull stuccoed masses of stone, but even before Northern forms which have no

true abiding place on Italian soil had thrust themselves into the windows both of its apse and of its clerestory. We picture it as it was when Hildebrand arose from the patriarchal throne of the world, from the throne which his successors have swept away as an useless thing,* to declare the King of Germany and Italy deposed from both his kingdoms. We picture it as it was when Urban sat in the midst of his assembled Council, and called Anselm of Canterbury, as himself the Pope of another world, to take his seat beside him in the circle of which the destroyers have left no trace behind.† So we might go through all the buildings, great and small, of which any portion has been spared to us. Everywhere there is the same destruction, mutilation, or concealment of the ancient features, the same thrusting in of incongruous modern devices, the same fulsome glorification of the doers of the havoc. Still, in the vast extent of the city, enough is left for us to trace out all the leading features of the various forms which were taken by the early Christian buildings, and to connect them with the buildings of the pagan city which form the models out of which they grew by healthy and natural development. The historical associations of these buildings are surely not inferior to those of their pagan predecessors. As marking a stage in the history of art, we must look on them as links in the chain, as the central members which mark the great turning-point in a series. That series, as we have seen, begins with the arch of the Great Sewer; it goes on, obscured for awhile, but never wholly broken, under the influence of a foreign taste. Through the buildings of Rome and Spalato and Ravenna and Lucca it leads us to the final perfection of round-arched architecture, both in its lighter and more graceful form at Pisa, and in its more massive and majestic variety at Caen and Peterborough and Ely and Durham.

* The fact has been once or twice lately brought into notice that in the cloister of Saint John Lateran, the patriarchal chair of the Bishop of Rome may be seen, cast out among other disused fragments. A paltry altar fills its place in the apse, and the whole ancient arrangement, which may be traced in one or two of the smaller churches of Rome, is utterly destroyed.

† Eadmer, *Hist. Nov.* p. 52, Selden. "Cum vero ad concilium venturum esset, et episcopis qui de Italia et Gallia venerant suas sedes ex consuetudine vendicantibus, nemo existeret qui se vel audisse vel vidisse archiepiscopum Cantuariensem Romano concilio ante hæc interfuisse diceret, vel scire quo tunc in loco sedere deberet, ex præcepto Pape in corona sedes illi posita est, qui locus non obscuri honoris in tali conventu solet haberi."

* The tomb of Otto the Second, which stood in front of the old Saint Peter's, is thrust down into the crypt of the modern church. To be sure several tombs of Popes have shared the same fate.

† Einhard, *8or*: "Post quas laudes ab eodem pontifice more antiquorum principum adoratus est."

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THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

CHAPTER XVI.

DICK BROWN got up very early next morning, with the same sense of exhilaration and light-heartedness which had moved him on the previous night. To be sure he had no particular reason for it, but what of that? People are seldom so truly happy as when they are happy without any cause. He was early in his habits, and his heart was too gay to be anything but restless. He got up though it was not much past five o'clock, and took his turn at the pump in the yard, which formed the entire toilet arrangements of the tramps' lodging-house, and then strolled down with his hands in his pockets and his ruddy countenance shining afresh from these ablutions, to where the river shone blue in the morning sunshine at the foot of Coffin Lane. Dick had passed through Windsor more than once in the course of his checkered existence. He had been here with his tribe—those curious unenjoying slaves of pleasure who are to be found wherever there is merrymaking, little as their share may be in the mirth—on the 4th of June, the great *fête* day of Eton, and on the occasion of reviews in the great Park, and royal visits; so the place was moderately familiar to him, as so many places were all over the country. He strolled along the raised path by the water-side, with a friendly feeling for the still river, sparkling in the still sunshine, without boat or voice to break its quiet, which he thought to himself had "brought him luck," a new friend, and perhaps a long succession of odd jobs. Dick and his mother did very fairly on the whole in their wandering life. The shillings and sixpences which they picked up in one way or another kept them going, and it was very rare when they felt want. But the boy's mind was different from his fate; he was no adventurer—and though habit had made the road and his nomadic outdoor life familiar to him, yet he had never taken to it quite kindly. The thing of all others that filled him with envy was one of those little tidy houses or pretty cottages which abound in every English village, or even on the skirts of a small town, with a little flower-garden full of flowers, and pictures on the walls inside. The lad had said to himself times without number, that there indeed was something to make life sweet—a settled home, a

certain place where he should rest every night and wake every morning. There was no way in his power by which he could attain to that glorious conclusion; but he thus secured what is the next best thing to success in this world, a distinct conception of what he wanted, an ideal which was possible and might be carried out. He sat down upon the bank, swinging his feet over the mass of gravel which the workmen, beginning their morning work, were fishing up out of the river, and contemplating the scene before him, which, but for them, would have been noiseless as midnight. The irregular wooden buildings which flanked the rafts opposite looked picturesque in the morning light, and the soft water rippled up to the edge of the planks, reflecting everything,—pointed roof and lattice window, and the wonderful assembly of boats. It was not hot so early in the morning; and even had it been hot, the very sight of that placid river, sweeping in subdued silvery tints, cooled down from all the pictorial warmth and purple glory of the evening, must have cooled and refreshed the landscape. The clump of elm-trees on the Brocas extended all their twinkling leaflets to the light; lower down, a line of white houses, with knots of shrubs and stunted trees before each, attracted Dick's attention. Already lines of white clothes put up to dry betrayed at once the occupation and the industry of the inhabitants. If only his mother was of that profession, or could adopt it, Dick thought to himself,—how sweet it would be to live there, with the river at hand and the green meadow-grass between—to live there forever and ever, instead of wandering and tramping about the dusty roads!

There was no dust anywhere on that clear fresh morning. The boy made no comment to himself upon the still beauty of the scene. He knew nothing of the charm of reflection and shadow, the soft tones of the morning brightness, the cool green of the grass; he could not have told why they were beautiful, but he felt it somehow, and all the sweetness of the early calm. The great cart-horse standing meditative on the water's edge, with its heads and limbs relieved against the light sky; the rustling of the gravel as it was shovelled up, all wet and shining, upon the bank; the sound of the workmen's operations in the heavy boat from which they were working,—gave a welcome sense of "company" and fellowship to the friendly boy; and for the rest, his soul was bathed in the sweetness of the

morning. After a while he went higher up the stream and bathed more than his soul — his body too, which was much the better for the bath; and then came back again along the Brocas, having crossed in the punt by which some early workmen went to their occupation, pondering many things in his mind. If a fellow could get settled work now here — a fellow who was not so fortunate as to have a mother who could take in washing! Dick extended his arms as he walked, and stretched himself, and felt able for a man's work, though he was only sixteen — hard work, not light — a good long day, from six in the morning till six at night; what did he care how hard the work was, so long as he was off the road, and had some little nook or corner of his own — he did not even mind how tiny — to creep into, and identify as his, absolutely his, and not another's? The cottages facing to the Brocas were too fine and too grand for his aspirations. Short of the ambitious way of taking in washing, he saw no royal road to such comfort and splendour; but homelier places no doubt might be had. What schemes were buzzing in his young head as he walked back towards Coffin Lane! He had brought out a hunch of bread with him, which his mother had put aside last night, and which served for breakfast, and satisfied him fully. He wanted no delicacies of a spread table, and dreams of hot coffee did not enter his mind. On winter mornings, doubtless, it was tempting when it was to be had in the street, and pennies were forthcoming; but it would have been sheer extravagance on such a day as this. The bread was quite enough for all Dick's need; but his mind was busy with projects ambitious and fanciful. He went back to the lodging-house to find his mother taking the cup of weak tea without milk which was her breakfast; and, as it was still too early to go to his appointment to Val, begged her to come out with him that he might talk with her; there was no accommodation for private talk in the tramps' lodging-house, although most of the inmates by this time were gone upon their vagrant course. Dick took his mother out by the riverside again, and led her to a grassy bank above the gravel-heap and the workmen, where the white houses on the Brocas, and the waving lines of clean linen put out to dry, were full in sight. He began the conversation cunningly, with this practical illustration of his discourse before his eyes.

"Mother," said Dick, "did you never think as you'd like to try staying still in one place and getting a little bit of a home?"

"No, Dick," said the woman, hastily; "don't ask me — I couldn't do it. It would kill me if I were made to try."

"No one ain't a-going to make you," said Dick, soothingly; "but look here, mother — now tell me, didn't you ever try?"

"Oh yes, I've tried — tried hard enough — till I was nigh dead of it —"

"I can't remember, mother."

"It was before your time," she said, with a sigh and uneasy movement — "before you were born."

Dick did not put any further questions. He had never asked anything about his father. A tramp's life has its lessons as well as a lord's, and Dick was aware that it was not always expedient to inquire into the life, either public or private, of your predecessors. He had not the least notion that there had been anything particular about his father, but took it for granted that he must have been such a one as Joe or Jack, in rough coat and knotted handkerchief, a wanderer like the rest. He accepted the facts of existence as they stood without making any difficulties, and therefore he did not attempt to "worrit" his mother by further reference to the past, which evidently did "worrit" her. "Well, never mind that," he said; "you shan't never be forced to anything if I can help it. But if so be as I got work, and it was for my good to stay in a place — supposing it might be here?"

"Here's different," said his mother, dreamily.

"That's just what I think," cried Dick, too wise to ask why; "it's a kind of a place where a body feels free like, where you can be gone to-morrow if you please — the forest handy and Ascot handy, and barges as will give you a lift the moment as you feel it the right thing to go. That's just what I wanted to ask you, mother. If I got a spell of work along of that young swell as I'm going to see, or anything steady, mightn't we try? If you felt on the go any day, you might just take the road again and no harm done; or if you felt as you could sit still and make yourself comfortable in the house —"

"I could never sit still and make myself comfortable," she said; "I can't be happy out of the air, Dick — I can't breathe; and sitting still was never my

way — nor you couldn't do it neither," she added, looking in his face.

"Oh, couldn't I though!" said Dick, with a laugh. "Mother, you don't know much about me. I am not one to grumble, I hope — but if you'll believe me, the thing I'd be proudest of would be to be bound prentis and learn a trade."

"Dick!"

"I thought you'd be surprised. I know I'm too old now, and I know it's no good wishing," said the boy. "Many and many's the time I've lain awake of nights thinking of it; but I saw as it wasn't to be done nohow, and never spoke. I've give up that free and full, mother, and never bothered you about what couldn't be; so you won't mind if I bother a bit now. If I could get a long spell of work, mother dear! There's them men at the gravel, and there's a deal of lads like me employed about the rafts; and down at Eton they're wanted in every corner, for the fives-courts and the rackets, and all them things. Now supposing as this young swell has took a fancy to me, like I have to him — and supposing as I get work — let's say supposing, for it may never come to nothing, — wouldn't you stay with me a bit, mother, and try and make a home?"

"I'd like to see the gentleman, Dick," said his mother, ignoring his appeal.

"The gentleman!" said the boy, a little disappointed. And then he added, cheerily — "Well, mother dear, you shall see the gentleman, partickler if you'll stay here a bit, and I have regular work, and we get a bit of an 'ome."

"He would never come to your home, lad — not the likes of him."

"You think a deal of him, mother. He mightn't come to Coffin Lane; I daresay as the gentlemen in college don't let young swells go a-visiting there. But you take my word, you'll see him; for he's taken a fancy to me, I tell you. There's the quarter afore ten chiming. I must be off now, mother; and if anything comes in the way you'll not go against me? not when I've set my heart on it, like this?"

"I'll stay — a bit — to please you, Dick," said the woman. And the lad sprang up and hastened away with a light heart. This was so much gained. He went quickly down, walking on through the narrow High Street of Eton to the great red house in which his new friend was. Grinder's was an institution in the place, the most important of all the Eton boarding-houses, though

only a dame's, not a master's house. The elegant young Grinder, who was Val's tutor, was but a younger branch of his exalted family, and had no immediate share in the grandeurs of the establishment, which was managed by a dominie or dame, a lay member of the Eton community, who taught nothing, but only superintended the meals and morals of his great houseful of boys. Such personages have no place in Eton proper — the Eton of the Reformation period, so to speak — but they were very important in Val's time. Young Brown went to a side door, and asked for Mr. Ross with a little timidity. He was deeply conscious of the fact that he was nothing but "a cad" — not a kind of visitor whom either dame or tutor would permit "one of the gentlemen" to receive; and, indeed, I think Dick would have been sent ignominiously away but for his frank and open countenance, and the careful washing, both in the river and out of it, which he had that morning given himself. He was told to wait; and he waited, noting, with curious eyes, the work of the great house which went on under his eyes, and asking himself how he would like to be in the place of the young curly-headed footman who was flying about through the passages, up-stairs and down, on a hundred errands; or the other aproned functionary who was visible in a dark closet at a distance, cleaning knives with serious persistence, as if life depended on it. Dick decided that he would not like this mode of making his livelihood. He shrank even from the thought — I cannot tell why, for he had no sense of pride, and knew no reason why he should not have taken service in Grinder's, where the servants, as well as the other inmates, lived on the fat of the land, and wanted for nothing; but somehow his fancy was not attracted by such a prospect. He watched the cleaner of knives, and the curly-headed footman in his livery, with interest; but not as he watched the lads on the river, whose life was spent in launching boats and withdrawing them from the water in continual succession. He had no pride; and the livery and the living were infinitely more comfortable than anything he had ever known. "His mind did not go with it," he said to himself; and that was all it was necessary to say.

While he was thus meditating, Valentine Ross, in correct Eton costume — black coat, high hat, and white necktie — fresh from his tutor, with books under

his arm, came in, and spied him where he stood waiting. Val's face lightened up into pleased recognition, — more readily than Dick's did, who was slow to recognize in this solemn garb the figure which he had seen in undress dripping from the waters. "Hollo, Brown!" said Val; "I am glad you have kept your time. Come up-stairs and I'll give you what I promised you." Dick followed his patron up-stairs, and through a long passage to Val's room. "Come in," said Val, rummaging in a drawer of his bureau for the half-crown with which he meant to present his assistant of last night. Dick entered timidly, withdrawing his cap from his head. The room was quite small, the bed folded up, as is usual at Eton. The bureau, or writing-desk with drawers, adorned by a red-velvet shelf on the top, stood in one corner, and a set of bookshelves similarly decorated in another; a heterogeneous collection of pictures, hung as closely as possible, the accumulation of two years, covered the walls; some little carved brackets of stained wood held little plaster figures, not badly modelled, in which an Italian image-seller drove a brisk trade among the boys. A blue and black coat, in bright stripes (need I add that Val — august distinction — was in the Twenty-Two?), topped by a cap of utterly different but equally bright hues — the colours of the house — hung on the door; a fine piece of colour, if perhaps somewhat violent in contrast. The window was full of bright geraniums, which grew in a box outside, and garlanded with the yellow *canariensis* and wreaths of sweet-peas. Dick looked round upon all these treasures, his heart throbbing with admiration, and something that would have been envy had it been possible to hope or wish for anything so beautiful and delightful for himself; but as this was not possible, the boy's heart swelled with pleasure that his young patron should possess it, which was next best. "Wait a moment," cried Val, finding, as he pursued his search, a note laid upon his bureau, which had been brought in in his absence; and Dick stood breathless, gazing round him, glad of the delay which gave him time to take in every detail of this school-boy palace into his mind. The note was about some momentous piece of business, — the domestic economy of that one of "the boats" in which Val rowed number seven, with hopes of being stroke when Jones left next Election. He bent his brows over it, and seizing paper and pen,

wrote a hasty answer, for such important business cannot wait. Dick, watching his movements, felt with genuine gratification that here was another commission for him. But his patron's next step made his countenance fall, and filled his soul with wonder. Val opened his door, and with stentorian voice shouted "Lower boy!" into the long passage. There was a momentary pause, and then steps were heard in all directions up and down, rattling over the bare boards, and about half-a-dozen young gentlemen in a lump came tumbling into the room. Val inspected them with lofty calm, and held out his note to the last comer, over the heads of the others. "Take this to Benton at Guerre's," he said, with admirable brevity; and immediately the messenger departed, the little crowd melted away, and the two boys were again alone.

"I say, I mustn't keep you here," said Val; "my dame mightn't like it. Here's your half-crown. Have you got anything to do yet? I think you're a handy fellow, and I shouldn't mind saying a word for you if I had the chance. What kind of place do you want?"

"I don't mind what it is," said Dick. "I'd like a place at the rafts awful, if I was good enough; or anything, sir. I don't mind, as long as I can make enough to keep me — and mother; that's all I care."

"Was that your mother?" said Val. "Do you work for her too?"

"Well, sir, you see she can make a deal in our old way. She is a great one with the cards when she likes, but she won't never do it except when we're hard up and she's forced; for she says she has to tell the things she sees, and they always comes true: but what I want is to stay in one place, and get a bit of an 'ome together — and she ain't good for gentlemen's washing or that sort, worse luck," said Dick, regretfully. "So you see, sir, if she stays still to please me, I'll have to work for her, and good reason. She's been a good mother to me, never going on the loose, nor that, like other women do. I don't grudge my work."

Val did not understand the curious tingling that ran through his veins. He was not consciously thinking of his own mother, but yet it was something like sympathy that penetrated his sensitive mind. "I wish I could help you," he said, doubtfully. "I'd speak to the people at the rafts, but I don't know if they'd mind me. I'll tell you what, though," he added, with sudden excitement. "I can

do better than that—I'll get Lichen to speak to them! They might not care for me—but they'll mind what Lichen says."

Dick received reverentially and gratefully, but without understanding the full grandeur of the idea, this splendid promise—for how should the young tramp have known, what I am sure the reader must divine, that Lichen was that Olympian demigod and king among men, the Captain of the Boats? If Lichen had asked the Queen for anything, I wonder if her Majesty would have had the courage to refuse him? but at all events nobody about the river dared to deny him. To be spoken to by Lichen was, to an ordinary mortal, distinction enough to last him half his (Eton) days. Dick did not see the magnificence of the prospect that thus opened to him, but Val knew all that was implied in it, and his countenance brightened all over. "I don't think they can refuse Lichen anything," he said. "Look here, Brown; meet us at the rafts after six, and I'll tell you what is done. I wish your mother would tell me my fortune. Lots of fellows would go to her if they knew; but then the masters wouldn't like it, and there might be a row."

"Bless you, sir, mother wouldn't—not for the Bank of England," cried Dick. "She might tell *you* yours, if I was to ask her. Thank you kindly, sir; I'll be there as sure as life. It's what I should like most."

"If Lichen speaks for you, you'll get it," said Val; "and I know Harry wants boys. You're a good boy, ain't you?" he added, looking at him closely—"you look it. And mind, if we recommend you, and you're found out to be rowdy or bad after, and disgrace us, Lichen will give you such a licking! Or for that matter, I'll do it myself."

"I'm not afraid," said Dick. "I ain't rowdy; and if I get a fixed place and a chance of making a home, you just try me, and see if I'll lose my work for the sake of pleasure. I ain't that sort."

"I don't believe. you are," said Val; "only it's right I should warn you; for Lichen ain't a fellow to stand any nonsense, and no more am I. Do you think that's pretty? I'm doing it, but I haven't the time."

This was said in respect to a piece of wood-carving, which Valentine had begun in the beginning of the year, and which lay there, like many another enterprise commenced, gathering dust but

approaching no nearer to completion. Dick surveyed it with glowing eyes.

"I saw some like it in a shop as I came down. Oh, how I should like to try! I've cut things myself out of a bit of wood with an old knife, and sold them at the fair."

"And you think you could do this without any lessons?" said Val, laughing; "just take and try it. I wonder what old Fullady would say! there are the saws and things. But look here, you'll have to go, for it's time for eleven o'clock school. Take the whole concern with you, quick, and I'll give you five bob if you can finish it. Remember after six at the rafts to-night."

Thus saying, the young patron pushed his *protégé* before him out of the room, laden with the wood-carving, and rushed off himself with a pile of books under his arm. All the boys in the house seemed flooding out, and all the boys in Eton to be pouring in different directions, one stream intersecting another, as Dick issued forth, filled with delight and hope. He had not a corner to which he could take the precious bit of work he had been intrusted with—nothing but the common room of the tramps' lodging-house. Oh for a "home," not so grand as Val's little palace, but anything that would afford protection and quiet—a place to decorate and pet like a child! This feeling grew tenfold stronger in Dick's heart as he sat wistfully on the river's bank, and looked across at the rafts in which were sublime possibilities of work and wages. How he longed for the evening! How he counted the moments as the day glowed through its mid hours, and the sun descended the western sky, and the hour known in these regions as "after six" began to come down softly on Eton and the world!

CHAPTER XVII.

DICK's mother sat upon the bank where he had left her, with her hands clasping her knees, and her abstract eyes gazing across the river into the distance, seeing scarcely anything before her, but seeing much which was not before her nor could be. A tramp has no room to sit in, no domestic duties to do, even were she disposed to do them; and to sit thus in a silent musing, or without even musing at all, in mere empty leisure, beaten upon by wind and sun, was as characteristic of her wandering life as were the long fatigues of the road along

which at other times she would plod for hours, or the noisy tumult of race-course or fair through which she often carried her serious face and abstract eyes—a figure always remarkable and never having any visible connection with the scene in which she was. But this day she was as she had not been for years. The heart which fulfilled its ordinary pulsations in her breast calmly and dully on most occasions, like something far off and scarcely belonging to her, was now throbbing high with an emotion which influenced every nerve and fibre of her frame. It had never stilled since last night when she heard Val's name sounding clear through the sunny air, and saw the tall well-formed boy, with his wet jersey clinging to his shoulders, moving swiftly away from her, a vision, but more substantial than any other vision. Her old heart, the heart of her youth, had leaped back into life at that moment; and instead of the muffled beating of the familiar machine which had simply kept her alive all these years, a something full of independent life, full of passion, and eagerness, and quick-coming fancies, and hope, and fear, had suddenly come to life within her bosom. I don't know if her thoughts were very articulate. They could scarcely have been so, uneducated, untrained, undisciplined soul as she was—a creature ruled by impulses, and with no hand to control her; but as she sat there, and saw her placid Dick go happily off, to meet the other lad who was to him “a young swell,” able to advance and help him, one to whom he had taken a sudden fancy, he could not tell why,—the strangeness of the situation roused her to an excitement which she was incapable of subduing. “It mayn't be him after all—it mayn't be him after all,” she said to herself, watching Dick till he disappeared into the distance. She would have given all she had (it was not much) to go with him, and look face to face upon the other. It seemed to her that she must know at the first glance whether it was *him* or not. But, indeed, she had no doubt that it was *him*. For I do not attempt to make any pretence at deceiving the well-informed and quick-sighted reader, who knows as well as I do who this woman was. She had carried on her wandering life, the life which she had chosen, for the last eight years, exposed to all the vicissitudes of people in her condition, sometimes in want, often miserable, pursuing in her wild freedom a routine as mechanically fixed as that of

the most rigid conventional life, and bound, had she known it, by as unyielding a lacework of custom as any that could have affected the life of the Honourable Mrs. Richard Ross, the wife of the Secretary of Legation. But she did not know this, poor soul; and besides, all possibility of that other existence, all hold upon it or thought of it, had disappeared out of her horizon for sixteen years.

Sixteen years! a large slice out of a woman's life who had not yet done more than pass the half-way milestone of human existence. She had never possessed so much even of the merest rudimentary education as to know what the position of Richard Ross's wife meant, except that it involved living in a house, wearing good clothes, and being surrounded by people of whom she was frightened, who did not understand her, and whom she could not understand. Since her flight back into her natural condition, the slow years had brought to her maturing mind thoughts which she understood as little. She was not more educated, more clever, nor indeed more clear in her confused fancies, than when she gave back one of her boys, driven thereto by a wild sense of justice, into his father's keeping; but many strange things had seemed to pass before her dreamy eyes since then,—things she could not fathom, vague visions of what might have been right, of what was wrong. These had come to little practical result, except in so far that she had carefully preserved her boy Dick from contact with the evil around—had trained him in her way to truth and goodness and some strange sense of honour—had got him even a little education, the faculties of reading and writing, which were to herself a huge distinction among her tribe; and, by keeping him in her own dreamy and silent but pure companionship, had preserved the lad from moral harm. She had, however, a material to work upon which had saved her much trouble. The boy was, to begin with, of a character as incomprehensible to her as were the other vague and strange influences which had shaped her shipwrecked life. He was good, gentle, more advanced than herself, his teacher, in the higher things which she tried to teach him, getting by instinct to conclusions which only painfully and dimly had forced themselves upon her, not subject to the temptations which she expected to move him, not lawless, nor violent, nor hard to control,

but full of reason and sense and steady trustworthiness from his cradle. She had by this time got over the surprise with which she had slowly come to recognize in Dick a being totally different from herself. She was no analyst of character, and she had accepted the fact with dumb wonder which did not know how to put itself into words. Even now there awaited her many lesser surprises, as Dick, going on from step to step in life, did things which it never would have occurred to her to do, and showed himself totally impervious to those temptations against which it had been necessary for her to struggle. His last declaration to her was as surprising as anything that went before it. The nomad's son, who had been "on the tramp" all his life, whose existence had been spent "on the road," alternating between the noisy excitement of those scenes of amusement which youth generally loves, and that dull semi-hibernation of the winter which gives the tramp so keen a zest for the new start of spring,—was it the boy so bred who had spoken to her of a "home," of steady work, and the commonplace existence of a man who had learned a trade? She wondered with a depth of vague surprise which it would be impossible to put into words—for she herself had no words to express what she meant. Had it not happened to chime in with the longing in her own mind to stay here and see the other boy, whose momentary contact had filled her with such excitement, I don't know how she would have received Dick's strange proposal; but in her other agitation it had passed without more than an additional but temporary shock of that surprise which Dick constantly gave her; and she did not count the cost of the concession she had made to him, the tacit agreement she had come under to live under a commonplace roof, and confine herself to indoor life during this flush of midsummer weather, for the longing that she had to know something, if only as a distant spectator, of the life and being of that other boy.

After a while she roused herself and went over in the ferry-boat to the other side of the river, where were "the rafts" to which Dick looked with so much anxiety and hope. Everything was very still at the rafts at that sunny hour before mid-day, when Eton, shut up in its schoolrooms, did its construing drowsily, and dreamed of the delights of "after twelve" without being able to rush forth and anticipate them. The attendants on

the rafts, lightly-clad, softly-stepping figures, in noiseless boating shoes and such imitation of boating costume as their means could afford, were lounging about with nothing to do, seated on the rails drawling in dreary Berkshire speech, or arranging their boats in readiness for the approaching rush. Dick's mother approached along the road, without attracting any special observation, and got into conversation with one or two of these men with the ease which attends social intercourse on these levels of life. "If there is a new hand wanted, my lad is dreadful anxious to come," she said. "Old Harry's looking for a new lad," answered the man she addressed. "And so the talk began.

"There was a kind of an accident on the river last night," she said, after a while; "one of the gentlemen got his boat upset, and my lad brought it down—"

"Lord bless you, call that a haccident?" said her informant; "half-a-dozen of 'em swamps every night. They don't mind, nor nobody else."

"The name of this one was—Ross, I think," she said, very slowly; "maybe you'll know him?"

"I know him well enough—he's in the Victory; not half a bad fellow in his way, but awful sharp, and not a bit of patience. I seed him come in dripping wet. He's free with his money, and I daresay he'd pay your lad handsome. If I were you, I'd speak to old Harry himself about the place; and if you say you've a friend or two among them young swells, better luck."

"Is this one what you call a swell?" said the woman.

"Why, he's Mr. Ross, ain't he? that's Eton for honourable," said one of the men.

"He aint Mr. Ross," said an older and better-informed person, with some contempt. The older attendants at the rafts were walking peerages, and knew everybody's pedigree. "His father was Mister Ross, if you please. He used to be at college in my time; a nice light-haired sort of a lad, not good for much, but with heaps of friends. Not half the pluck of this one: this one's as dark as you, missis, a kind of a foreign-looking blade, and as wilful as the old gentleman himself. But I like that sort better than the quiet ones; the quiet ones does just as much mischief on the sly."

"They're a rare lot, them lads are," said the other—"shouting at a man

like's he was the dust under their feet. Ain't we their fellow-creatures all the same? It ain't much you makes at the rafts, missis, even if you gains a lot in the season. For after all, look how short the season is — you may say just the summer half. It's too cold in March, and it's too cold in October — nothing to speak of but the summer half. You makes a good deal while it lasts, I don't say nothing to the contrary — but what's that to good steady work all round the year?"

"Maybe her lad isn't one for steady work," said another. "It is work, I can tell you is this, as long as it lasts; from early morning to lockup, never a moment to draw your breath, but school-hours, and holidays, and half-holidays without end. Then there's the regular boating gents as come and go, not constant like the Eton gentlemen. They give a deal of trouble — they do; and as particular with their boats as if they were babies, I tell you what, missis, if you want him to have an easy place, I wouldn't send him here."

"He's not one that's afraid of work," said the woman, "and it's what he's set his heart on. I wonder if you could tell me now where this Mr. Ross comes from? — if he's west-country now, down Devonshire way?"

"Bless you, no," said the older man, who was great in genealogies; "he's from the north, he is — Scotland or thereabouts. His grandfather came with him when he first came to college — Lord something or other. About as like a lord as I am. But the nobility ain't much to look at," added this functionary, with whom familiarity had bred contempt. "They're a poor lot them Scotch and Irish lords. Give me a good railway man, or that sort; they're the ones for spending their money. Lord — I can't think on the old un's name."

"Was it — Eskside?"

"You're a nice sort of body to know about the haristocracy," said the man; "in course it was Eskside. Now, missis, if you knowed, what was the good of coming asking me, taking a fellow in?"

"I didn't know," said the woman, humbly; "I only wanted to know. In my young days, long ago, I knew — a family of that name."

"Ay, ay, in your young days. You were a handsome lass then, I'll be bound," said the old man, with a grin.

"Look here," said one of the others — "here's old Harry coming, if you like to

speak to him about your lad. Speak up and don't be frightened. He ain't at all a bad sort, and if you tell him as the boy's spry and handy, and don't mind a hard day's work — speak up! only don't say I told you." And the benevolent adviser disappeared hastily, and began to pull about some old gigs which were ranged on the rafts, as if much too busily occupied to spare a word. The woman went up to the master with a heart beating so strongly that she could scarcely hear her own voice. On any other occasion she would have been shy and reluctant. Asking favours was not in her way — she did not know how to do it. She could not feign or compliment, or do anything to ingratiate herself with a patron. But her internal agitation was so strong that she was quite uplifted beyond all sense of the effort which would have been so trying to her on any other occasion. She went up to him sustained by her excitement, which at the same time blunted her feelings, and made her almost unaware of the very words she uttered.

"Master," she said, going straight to the point, as the excited mind naturally does — "I have a boy that is very anxious for work. He is a good lad, and very kind to me. We've been tramping about the country — nothing better, for all my folks was in that way; but he don't take after me and my folks. He thinks steady work is better, and to stay still in one place."

"He is in the right of it there," was the reply.

"Maybe he is in the right," she said; "I'm not the one to say, for I'm fond of my freedom and moving about. But, master, you'll have one in your place that is not afraid of hard work if you'll have my son."

"Who is your son? do I know him?" said the master, who was a man with a mobile and clean-shaven countenance, like an actor, with a twinkling eye and a suave manner, the father of an athletic band of river worthies who were regarded generally with much admiration by "the college gentlemen," to whom their prowess was well known, — "who is your son?"

The woman grew sick and giddy with the tumult of feeling in her. The words were simple enough in straightforward meaning; but they bore another sense, which made her heart flutter, and took the very light from her eyes. "Who was her son?" It was all she could do to keep from betraying herself, from claim-

ing some one else as her son, very different from Dick. If she had done so, she would have been simply treated as a mad woman: as it was, the bystanders, used to tramps of a very different class, looked at her with instant suspicion, half disposed to attribute her giddiness and faltering to a common enough cause. She mastered herself without fully knowing either the risk she had run or the look directed to her. "You don't know him," she said. "We came here but last night. One of the college gentlemen was to speak for him. He's a good hard-working lad, if you'll take my word for it, that knows him best."

"Well, missis, it's true as you know him best; but I don't know as we can take his mother's word for it. Mothers ain't always to be trusted to tell what they know," said the master, good-humouredly. "I'll speak to you another time, for here they are coming. Look sharp, lads."

"All right, sir; here you are."

The tide was coming in—a tide of boys—who immediately flooded the place, pouring up-stairs into the dressing-rooms to change their school garments for boating dress, and gradually occupying the rafts in a moving restless crowd. The woman stood, jostled by the living stream, watching wistfully, while boat after boat shot out into the water,—gigs, with a laughing, restless crew—out-riggers, each with a silent inmate, bent on work and practice; for all the school races had yet to be rowed. She stood gazing, with a heart that fluttered wildly, upon all those unknown young faces and animated moving figures. One of them was bound to her by the closest tie that can unite two human creatures; and yet, poor soul, she did not know him, nor had he the slightest clue to find her out—to think of her as anyhow connected with himself. Her heart grew sick as she gazed and gazed, pausing now upon one face, now upon another. There was one of whom she caught a passing glimpse, as he pushed off into the stream in one of the long-winged dragon-fly boats, who excited her most of all. She could not see him clearly, only a glimpse of him between the crowding figures about;—an oval face, with dark clouds of curling hair pushed from his forehead. There came a ringing in her ears, a dimness in her eyes. Women in her class do not faint except at the most tremendous emergencies. If they did, they would probably be set down as intoxicated, and summarily dealt with. She caught at the

wooden railing, and held herself upright by it, shutting her eyes to concentrate her strength. And by-and-by the bewildering sick emotion passed; was it *him* whom she had seen?

After this she crossed the river again in the ferry-boat, though it was a halfpenny each time, and she felt the expenditure to be extravagant, and walked about on the other bank till she found Dick, who naturally adopted the same means of finding her, neither of them thinking of any return "home,"—a place which did not exist in their consciousness. Then they went and bought something in an eating-shop, and brought it out to a quiet corner opposite the "Brocas clump," and there ate their dinner, with the river flowing at their feet, and the skiffs of "the gentlemen" darting by. It was, or rather looked, a poetic meal, and few people passed in sight without a momentary envy of the humble picnic; but to Dick Brown and his mother there was nothing out of the way in it, and she tied up the fragments for supper in a spotted cotton handkerchief when they had finished. It was natural for them to eat out of doors, as well as to do everything else out of doors. Dick told her of his good luck, how kind Valentine had been, and gave her the half-crown he had received, and an account of all that was to be done for him. "If they don't mind him, they're sure to mind the other gentleman," said devout Dick, who believed in Val's power with a fervent and unquestioned faith. After a while he went across to the rafts, and hung about there ready for any odd job, and making himself conspicuous in eager anxiety to please the master. His mother stayed still, with the fragments of their meal tied up in the handkerchief, on the same grassy bank where they dined, watching the boats as they came and went. She did not understand how it was that they all dropped off one by one, and as suddenly reappeared again when the hour for dinner and the hour of "three o'clock school" passed. But she had nothing to do to call her from that musing and silence to which she had become habituated, and remained there the entire afternoon doing nothing but gaze. At last, however, she made a great effort, and roused herself. The unknown boy after whom she yearned could not be identified among all these strange faces; and there was something which could be done for good Dick, the boy who had always been good to her. She did for Dick what no

one could have expected her to do; she went and looked for a lodging where they could establish themselves. After a while she found two small rooms in a house facing the river,—one in which Dick could sleep, the other a room with a fire-place, where his hot meals, which he no doubt would insist upon, could be cooked, and where, in a corner, she herself could sleep when the day was over. She had a little stock of reserve money on her person, a few shillings saved, and something more, which was the remnant of a sum she had carried about with her for years, and which I believe she intended “to bury her,” according to the curious pride which is common among the poor. But as for the moment there was no question of burying her, she felt justified in breaking in upon this little hoard to please her boy by such forlorn attempts at comfort as were in her power. She ventured to buy a few necessities, and to make provision as well as she knew how for the night—the first night which she would have passed for years under a roof which she could call her own. One of the chief reasons that reconciled her to this step was, that the room faced the river, and that not Dick alone, but the other whom she did not know, could be watched from the window. Should she get to know him, perhaps to speak to him, that other?—to watch him every summer evening in his boat, floating up and down—to distinguish his voice in the crowd, and his step? But for this hope she could not, I think, have made so great a sacrifice for Dick alone—a sacrifice she had not been able to make when the doing of it would have been still more important than now. Perhaps it was because she was growing older, and the individual had faded somewhat from her consciousness; but the change bewildered even herself. She did it notwithstanding, and of her free will.

From The Contemporary Review.

LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

TO THE AUTHOR OF “ORION” ON LITERARY AND GENERAL TOPICS.

IV.

WITH how fine a temper, and how generous a spirit Miss E. B. Barrett bore all the objections made to her new theory of English Rhymes, has only been slightly

shown in the previous instalment of these papers. Provoking as some of the strictures must have been to one who had not accidentally fallen into what would be commonly regarded as lyrical heresies, but who had systematically intended, and laboured to do, the very things most demurred to—she passes them over in the note about to be given, with only a remote reference; playfully speaking of her dog “Flush,” then touching upon the “Dead Pan,” then turning to other objects of literary interest, with a nobly expressed admiration of Miss Martineau:—

Saturday night (no other date).

Never in the world was another such a dog as my Flush! Just now, because after reading your note, I laid it down thoughtfully without taking anything else up, he threw himself into my arms, as much as to say—“Now it’s my turn. You’re not busy at all now.” He understands everything, and would not disturb me for the world. Do not tell Miss Mitford—but her Flush (whom she brought to see me) is not to be compared to mine!—quite animal and dog-natural, and incapable of my Flushie’s hypercynical refinements. There is not such a dog in the world as he is, I must say again—and never was, except the one Plato swore by. I talk to him just as I should do to the “reasoning animal on two legs”—the only difference being that he has four supererogatorily.

I am very glad to hear of Miss Martineau and “Orion.” She has a fine enthusiasm and understanding, or rather understanding and enthusiasm, for poetry,—which shows a wonderful and beautiful proportion of faculties, considering what she is otherwise. I do not say so because she fancied my “Pan”—which you may not think worthy of such praise—and which she very probably was pleased with on account of its association with her favourite poet Schiller—such associations affecting the mind beyond its cognizance. My “Pan” takes the reverse of Schiller’s argument in his famous “Gods of Greece,” and argues it out.

No,—nobody has said that “the paper was the work of a private friend,” [alluding, probably, to some critique I had written about her poetry] but everybody with any sense must have thought it.

Ever and truly yours,

E. B. B.

Oh—do not put me in despair about “times and seasons.” The book must and *shall* come out this season.

The next is a fragment found in the same envelope, the first leaf having gone astray:—

Fragment.

Think of my stupidity about Leigh Hunt’s poem of “Godiva”! The volume I lent has

just returned, and most assuredly there is no such poem in it. His late republication may contain it — and that also I have lent. You shall have it in time.

I hear rumours of greatness in respect of a Mr. Patmore's new volume of poems just advertised. They are said to be "only second to Tennyson's by coming secondly" — which, however, makes a difference! Tell me, if you see them, what you think of them. He is said to be quite a young man — that is, a very young man.

Oh, no — I promise to try not to kill myself [with over-work] but I am very busy and anxious, and can't help being both.

We now come to the question of Versification — an Art quite fixed and final if we keep to the old classic system of counting feet, or syllables, — and a most eel-like subject, chameleon-like, lustrous, dove's-breast-like, chromatic sprite and sylphid, when, boldly diverging from the old, well-known tracks and measurements, poets take to the spiritual guidance of "airy voices" dictating euphonious accents, pauses, beats of time, wavy lilts and pulsations, often not amenable to any laws except those of musical utterance and emotion. These varied measures, numbers, utterances, when an attempt is made to force them within the confines of special laws, are very apt, in many instances, to find their spirit evaporate, and nothing but a *caput mortuum* remaining in its place. Perhaps the greatest difficulty in forming a settled judgment of these new forms of versification arises from the fact that one good ear will frequently be found to differ from another good ear, with regard to the effect of the same rhythmic music. In short, one can *read it* musically, and another cannot. One is delighted with it — the other denounces it. A remarkable instance of this will appear in the next of Miss Barrett's letters which I am about to give. It will be found interesting, as well as curious, from a peculiar circumstance. In the previous instalment of this series, a note is mentioned which had been addressed to Miss Barrett's cousin, Mr. John Kenyon, — shown to her, — lent to me, and returned — referring admiringly to her bold experiments in novel rhymes. This note, which I had fancied to have been written by Landor, I have since found was written by Mr. Browning. The Letter I am now about to give has special reference to Mr. Browning's poetry. It will thus be discovered that two poets who had never seen each other at this time, were already intimate in imagination and intellectual sympathy; —

that one appreciated the other completely, while the other (viz., Miss Barrett) took a sweeping exception to a special phase of the genius she so well estimated in all other respects. And in this exception she was, as I considered, only justified in certain respects.

The note begins with an amusing reference to something *outré* which had been written to Miss Barrett by somebody, whose name I was endeavouring to guess; then touches briefly on the poems of Mr. Trench, and passes on to Mr. Browning with a striking commentary: —

May 1st, 1843.

Your over-subtlety, my dear Mr. Horne, has ruined you! Suspecting me of man-traps and spring-guns, you shoot yourself with the hypothesis of a spring-gun — which takes its place at once among "remarkable accidents."

For — I stated the bare fact when I said "a man." Man it was — no woman it was! — man it was, and man it ought to be. Yes, and it wasn't Leigh Hunt either, I make oath to you! I wish it *had* been Leigh Hunt.

No man would have ventured to say such a thing? Ventured! — why, you are quite innocent, Mr. Horne. I won't tell you the name; but I affirm to you that those words, as I quoted them, were written by a man, and to me. And, by no means in jest or lightness of heart, as a woman would have written them — nor in arch-mock at the infirmities of our nature, as Leigh Hunt might have written them, but in grave naïveté, — in sincere earnestness, and without the consciousness of saying anything out of the way. [My last guess was that it came from America.] Now, I wouldn't tell you the name for the world.

At the end of your last note you attempt an impossible application of a quotation which won't be applied in such a manner for two separate reasons. "I prythee do not mock me."

You are quite right. "Anybody can be severe." As to Mr. Trench, I have only such knowledge of him as extracts in your article and other reviews can give; and although he has probably more faculty than many who are facile and copious, he seems to be dry and limited, and without impulse in the use of it, — and meets, I should think, with liberal justice at your hands. Browning, however, stands high with me. I want very much to know what you mean by his worst fault, which you have not touched upon? Will you tell me in confidence, and I will promise never to divulge it, if you make a condition of secrecy? Mr. Browning knows thoroughly what a poet's true work is; — he is learned, not only in profane learning, but in the conduct of his genius; he is original in common things; his very obscurities have an oracular nobleness about them which pleases me.

I cannot help pausing an instant to remind the reader that the above critique

was written in 1843, when only a very special class had made similar discoveries, and that the writer had never seen the poet; so that we may fairly regard this as a striking proof of her genius in discerning, and her generosity in the full admission of what she recognized. Miss Barrett thus continues:—

His passion burns the paper. But I will guess at the worst fault—at least, I will tell you what has always seemed to me the worst fault—a want of *harmony*. I mean in the two senses—spiritual and physical. There is a want of softening power in thoughts and in feelings, as well as words; everything is trenchant—black and white, without intermediate colours—nothing is tender; there is little room in all this passion, for pathos. And the verse—the lyrics—where is the ear? Inspired spirits should not speak so harshly; and, in good sooth, they seldom do. What?—from “Paracelsus” down to the “Bells and Pomegranates”—a whole band of angels—white-robed and crowned angel-thoughts, with palms in their hands—and *no music!*

The too sweeping assertion of the last words I distinctly remember contesting in my next note. Admitting all the fair critic had said as to the frequent obscurities of meaning, and involutions, or harshness of style, I reminded her that almost any schoolboy—without selecting Lord Macaulay’s model one—who had some natural faculty and a good scholastic drilling, could write “smooth verses,” and where this was not done by those who were evidently masters of the Art of Poetry, there was a reason for it. Nobody should regard it as attributable to carelessness, or even indifference. On the other hand, the lady was referred to several striking instances of rhythmic music, and particularly among the “Bells and Pomegranates.” It was difficult to resist a dancing emotion as one read how all the children and townspeople went dancing after the “Pied Piper of Hamelin,” while every horseman must have accompanied the riders in the ride with “the good news” to Ghent. I was so impressed with this at the time—and never having known what could be done in that way, as I subsequently experienced in the Australian bush—that I remember asking the poet if he could “tighten his girths while at full speed,” as I had felt while doing this, with his poem, that I had more than once just lost my balance. In short, I only partially agreed with the fair critic about the music. And this question directly brings us to Versification; but, as the mere syn-

opsis of such an Essay would occupy several pages, and, so far, interrupt the course of the Letters, it has been considered advisable to postpone the discussion till the close of these papers. We will therefore do no more at present than touch upon the question of Versification with reference chiefly to Miss Barrett, and incidentally to the Laureate and one or two other poets, commencing, of necessity, with Chaucer.

It has been seen that Miss Barrett was a true admirer and student of the Father of English Poetry; but from the influence of early habit, it seems probable that his admirable variations of the euphony of heroic couplets, so as to correct the monotony of their ten-syllable regularity, and systematic pauses, were not especially noticed by her, unless, in some cases, as objectionable. The method adopted by Chaucer to obtain variety of harmony in this measure was not, however, so much with respect to the position of pauses and accents in the line, as in the rhythmical embodiment of an eleventh syllable. He also, on special occasions, breaks up the couplet-system, by ending a poetical paragraph with the first word of the rhyme and a full stop. And then takes it up again, with its proper rhyme in the first line of the next poetical division or paragraph. Two or three examples of the former will make the principle clear enough:—

He mote be dedde—a king as well as a page,
&c.—*The Knight’s Tale.*

I speake of many an hundred year ago, &c.
Wife of Bath’s Tale.

Thy temple in Delphos wol I barfote seke, &c.
The Frankelin’s Tale.

At Orliaunce in studie a booke he seic, &c.
Ibid.

Where was your pitie, O people mercilesse,
&c.—*Lamentation of Mary Magdaleine.*

Her nose directed straight, and even as line,
&c.—*The Court of Love.*

With these, and similar variations, the poems of Chaucer abound. Read in accordance with the early training of most of us, the reader will exclaim—“It won’t come in!” Of course it will not; but the foregoing lines will all be found perfectly harmonious if the words which cause the difficulty are treated like a *turn* in music, so that they come “trippingly” off the tongue. Thus, “as well as,” being read *as well’s*—“many an,” *man’y’n*,—“temple in,” *templ’in*,—“studie a,” *studi’a*,—“pitie, O people,” *piti’o’-peopl’*,—

"even as," *ev'nas*, &c. For such explanations, to all those who do not in the least need them, the writer begs to tender every proper apology. The desire to make this matter perfectly clear must be his excuse. These *harmonious* variations* were dropped by nearly all the poets during many years after Chaucer.

In *lyrical* verse, and more especially in the octo-syllabic measure, the first great innovator — not precisely the discoverer, but certainly the first great master — was Coleridge. In the "Vision of Pierce Ploughman," in Lidgate's and several other old English and Scottish Ballads, similar musical variations occur, but apparently without intention, and by happy inspiration, though not with the numerous forms of variety introduced by Coleridge. It is said that he once exclaimed with glee — "They all think they are reading eight syllables, — and every now and then they read nine, eleven, and thirteen, without being aware of it."

But to take a general and broad view of English versification, I find the following Letters from Leigh Hunt carefully fastened to the Letter from Miss Barrett upon the same subject. Although they bear no date of the year upon them, the allusions show that they were written mainly in comment, with a mild infusion of controversy, on a certain paragraph in my Introduction to the volume of "Chaucer Modernized," and also in reply to some comments I had made upon the versification of his "Legend of Florence." Differing with Mr. Leigh Hunt so widely on certain points of theology and social ethics as did Miss Barrett (which will be displayed fully and "argued out" in one

* As a somewhat extreme illustration, I hope the following anecdote will be pardoned. "I notice," said Tennyson (this was long before he became Poet Laureate), "that you have a number of lines in 'Orion' which are not amenable to the usual scanning." "True; but they can all be scanned by the same number of beats of time." "Well; how then do you scan — mind, I don't object to it — but how do you scan — The long, grey, horizontal wall of the dead-calm sea?" Now, as this was the only instance of such a line, the engineer fancied he was about to be "hoist with his own petard;" however, he proposed to do it thus —
The | long | grey | hori | zont'l | wall | o' the | dead |
| calm | sea.

It could easily be put into an Alexandrine line: and, by a different arrangement of the beats of time, the line might even be brought into eight beats: —

Thē | lōng | grey | hōri | zōnt'l | wāll-o' the | deāð-calm |
| sēa.

The poet smiled, and apparently accepted the scanning — at any rate, the first one. Some of the variations, however, subsequently introduced by Leigh Hunt in his beautiful play of "The Legend of Florence," would have to be tried, like those of Beaumont and Fletcher, by yet more unorthodox principles of harmony.

of her future Letters), I yet feel sure she would have been highly gratified had she known that her views on the Art of English Poetry had been so specially conserved for so many years, even in literary entombment, with one of the most accomplished and elegant of the *illuminati* (using the term in its best sense) of his time.

Kensington, November 24.

MY DEAR HORNE, — I should have written by return of post, but had something to finish by tea-time which I could not delay.

The English prosodists have generally proceeded, I believe, upon the assumption that their heroic measure is a particular mode of iambs, with a variation of spondees, trochees, &c. I therefore, if I distinctly see the drift of it, doubt whether your paragraph can stand exactly as it does; but it is impossible for us now to exchange talk on this subject by letter, and as I am coming to Montague Street, to-morrow (Wednesday), would it not be as well for us to have our Bosterisms out at once *vivâ voce*? For then, you see, we can have as many as we please in a good long chat, and so do what we can with this perplexing matter finally; for in truth, it is a *very* perplexing one, and has scratched the fingers of everybody that has approached it. I will also bring you another book, expressly on the subject — at least comprising it.

The "Ancient Mariner" did much, no doubt, in the poetical circles in which it was almost exclusively known [How sad is this record of neglect of living genius, which thus incidentally drops from the pen of one of the poet's contemporaries!], and Coleridge, I should say, is unquestionably the great modern master of lyrical harmony. But what the Percy Reliques achieved in the *gross*, was a general simplification of the poetic style, and the return to faith in nature and passion. We will have a good set-to upon these matters to-morrow, if you think fit; and you shall have, in the course of a good plump half-hour, all I have to say about them.

Ever heartily,

LEIGH HUNT.

Unfortunately, something prevented the proposed conversation, but here is another note on the same subject written during the same month: —

Kensington, November.

MY DEAR HORNE, — This is merely one or two more marginalia which, on recollection, I intended to have scribbled. The fact is, that as to "spectacle" [to which, apparently, I had demurred, as being too harsh a word in a certain line] it is "harsh," uttered by a harsh man! But what if Chaucer had said it, thou Horne! To this I suppose you will say, "Impossible." Well, but suppose you find it in him some day? or something equivalent? [The logic of this is exquisite, and so like

Leigh Hunt in a case of friendly controversy, where the shades of the earnest and the humorous continually ran into each other.]

This is nothing. But now as to —

The poet now refers to several very remarkable lines in his "Legend of Florence," but this examination must be deferred for the reasons previously given.

To come at once to our own time. The peculiar variety which we have been discussing scarcely ever occurs in any of Miss Barrett's earlier poems; but latterly it is to be found: —

Or, as noon and night
Had clapped together, and utterly struck out
The intermediate time, undoing themselves
In the act. *Aurora Leigh. Book III.*
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.
Ibid.

So, happy and unafraid of solitude, &c. — *Ibid.*
Except in fable and figure: forests chant, &c.
Ibid.

To a pure white line of flame more luminous
Because of obliteration, more intense
The intimate presence carrying in itself.
Ibid., Book IX.

It is possible that some readers may not have been prepared for this; and still less for the same Chaucerian variation (which many persons may have fancied rough, and antiquated, merely from having been trained to a regular syllabic mode of reading) to be found continually, and, of course, gracefully, adopted by the Laureate. Here are three or four illustrations taken quite at random, or quite as much so as usual with such takings: —

He crept into the shadow: at last he said, &c.
Enoch Arden.

How merry they are down yonder in the wood,
&c. — *Ibid.*

Had rioted his life out, and made an end.
Aylmer's Field.

Strike thro' a finer element than her own?
Ibid.

Which rolling o'er the palaces of the proud,
&c. — *Ibid.*

And oxen from the city and goodly sheep, &c.
Trans. Iliad.

Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed.
*Ibid.**

* In the above specimen of a translation from the *Iliad* — truly a model for all future translators — those who like to have as close a translation of a great poet's words as can be poetically given, will feel surprised at the Laureate's preference for —

"And championing golden grain, the horses stood
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn,"
instead of his more literal —

The "Experiments" (in versification) published by the Laureate at the end of the volume containing "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field," should be studied by all who take an interest in the progress of English poetry in these respects. The experiment entitled "Boadicéa" will be regarded as a success after a second reading, and the poem on "Milton" (in *alcaics*) at once. Somehow, it seems to be precisely the right kind of measure to adopt with regard to Milton. The "Hendecasyllabics," will require more readings than may be consonant with an admission of success in a metre of Catullus. Still, there are some lines which at least render the cause quite hopeful. Canon Kingsley's "Andromeda" is also a meritorious experiment.

The variations derived from the octosyllabic measure of the old Ballads, as brought to perfection by Coieridge, and carried, into other perfections, I submit, by Tennyson, and lastly by Swinburne, have now been, more or less, adopted by lyrical poets in general, — by some as conscious students and followers, by others from the almost unconscious influence which leading spirits invariably exercise upon contemporaries of less originality and power. In the variation upon the octo-syllabic measure we may observe several who have been very successful, more especially among poetesses — from Jean Ingelow, "Sadie," and Miss Rossetti, to the last graceful appearances in the lyrical form, of Jeanie Morison (Mrs. Campbell, of Ballochyle), and Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer.

In the previous instalment of these papers it was remarked that all young poets have commenced their songs in a bird-like manner. They have scarcely ever had any more thought of the classical terms and technicalities, and the various laws of the Art, than the bird on the bough, who "warbles away," with no

"And eating hoary grain and pulse, the steeds
Stood by their cars, waiting the thronéd morn."

The first is of the usual sort, and has nothing of the close truth of the description of the dry mealy corn, together with the green herbage. Also the word "chariots" instead of "cars," has lost us the grand suggestion of the embattled host looking upward to Eos on her Throne, an hour or so afterwards! The very same kind of error is committed by Mr. Gladstone, who prefers giving the common-place "sharp-tipped lance," to the original "copper-tipped." (See *Con. Rev.*, Feb., 1874.) For what possible reason, of a good kind, should we not have that piece of insight into the arms and armourer's work of the Homeric age? Besides, the very fact of the lances being tipped with copper, will account for many a man's life being saved by the point turning before it had passed through his shield or breast-plates.

idea of such things as crotchets and quavers, *appoggiaturas* and the *nachschlag* — the trochaic or the iambic rhythm — the dactylic, anapæstic, or amphibrachic rhythm. The illustration is of course only figurative, and rather one-sided, but true in spirit. The poetesses who have appeared during the last few years — commencing with Jean Ingelow, and closing (for the present) with Jeanie Morison and Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, are all instances of this, more especially the two last-named ladies, who run most gracefully into several melodious measures, as by a spontaneous impulse. But while we are admiring this simplicity and artless ease, we must be yet more impressed with the force of poetical idiosyncrasy which shall enable those who have passed through the *curriculum* of studies for the Art, with all its laws and technicalities — like Canon Kingsley, Robert Buchanan, and George MacDonald — to return to nature and first principles in the charming and bird-like freedom of their Songs for Children — thus happily superseding the horrid barefaced depravities and vulgar doggrels of the very great majority of our early Nursery Songs and Rhymes.

It has been previously stated in these papers, that the work entitled "A New Spirit of the Age" — being critiques on the writings of contemporaries in 1844 — was edited, and partly written, by the transcriber of these Letters; and that he was assisted by the contributions of three or four eminent authors. The principal, and most valuable of these, was Miss E. B. Barrett. One of the critiques, and certainly one of the best, was mainly written by that lady. It was forwarded in two Letters, which were carefully transcribed. As the second edition of the work has been out of print these thirty years in England (though I am aware that at least three "unauthorized" editions were subsequently printed in America), I venture to think the readers of the present day will not be indisposed to welcome a few extracts from Miss Barrett's Letters containing her contributions, — now for the first time acknowledged, — and in especial those just alluded to, which are almost exclusively devoted to a review of the writings of Walter Savage Landor.

It was preceded by a few biographical and other remarks, founded upon communications forwarded to me by Mr. Landor. The spirit of a Greek epigram written by him on Napoleon the First

(and which we will subsequently transcribe) will be understood by the following interesting episode in the author's private history: —

"Mr. Landor went to Paris in the beginning of the century, where he witnessed the ceremony of Napoleon being made Consul for life, amidst the acclamations of multitudes. He subsequently saw the dethroned and deserted Emperor pass through Tours, on his way to embark, as he intended, for America. Napoleon was attended only by a single servant, and descended at the Prefecture, unrecognized by anybody excepting Landor. The people of Tours were most hostile to Napoleon; as a republican politician, Landor had always felt a hatred towards him, and now he had but to point one finger at him, and it would have done what all the musquetry, artillery and 'infernal machines' of twenty years of wars and passions had failed to do. The tigers of the populace would have torn him to pieces. Need it be said that Landor was too noble a man to avail himself of such an opportunity. He held his breath, and let the hero pass. Possibly this hatred on the part of Landor, like that of many other excessively self-willed men, was as much owing to exasperation at the commanding successes of Napoleon, as at his falling off from pure republican principles. However, Landor's great hatred, and yet 'greater' forbearance are hereby recorded."

The remark having been made by me that, as a general rule, the originality of a man — say and do what he may — is necessarily in itself an argument and reason against his rapid popularity, Miss Barrett's Letter proceeds as follows: —

In the case of Mr. Landor, however, other causes than the originality of his faculty opposed his favour with the public. He has [the date of this letter is 1844, Landor being then alive] the must select audience, perhaps — the fittest, the fewest — of any distinguished author of the day; and this of his choice. "Give me," he said in one of his prefaces, "ten accomplished men for readers, and I am content." And the event does not by any means, so far as we could desire, outstrip the modesty, or despair, or disdain, of this aspiration.

In reply to an adverse criticism in a certain quarterly journal, he offered the critic "three hot penny rolls" for his luncheon, if he could write anything as good. This was not exactly the way to

make friends with the tribe. Miss Barrett thus continues,—

He writes criticism for critics, and poetry for poets; his drama, when he is dramatic, will suppose neither pit nor gallery, nor critics, nor laws. He is not a publican among poets—he does not sell his Amreeta cups upon the highway. He delivers them rather with the dignity of a giver to ticketed persons; analyzing their flavour and fragrance with a learned delicacy, and an appeal to the esoteric. His very spelling of English is uncommon and theoretic. And as if poetry were not, in English, a sufficiently unpopular dead language, he has had recourse to writing poetry in Latin; with dissertations on the Latin tongue, to fence it out doubly from the populace. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*

In a private note to me, in acknowledging the reception of a copy of my one-act tragedy ("The Death of Marlowe") he wrote,—“I had *redd* it before with greater pleasure than,” &c.; but nobody must imagine from this that he favoured the adoption of a phonetic system of spelling, rational as such a system would be. As to the word “*redd*,” its adoption would really be an advantage.

Mr. Landor is classical in the highest sense. His conceptions stand out clearly cut and fine, in a magnitude and nobility as far as possible removed from the small and sickly vagueness common to this century of letters. If he seems obscure at times it is from no infirmity or inadequacy of thought or word, but from extreme concentration and involution in brevity; for a short string can be tied in a knot as well as a long one. He can be tender, as the strong can best be; and his pathos, when it comes, is profound. His descriptions are full and startling; his thoughts self-produced and bold; and he has the art of taking a commonplace under a new aspect, and of leaving the Roman brick, marble. In marble, indeed, he seems to work; for there is an angularity in the workmanship, whether of prose or verse, which the very exquisiteness of the polish renders more conspicuous. You may complain, too, of hearing the chisel; but after all you applaud the work—it is a work well done. The elaboration produces no sense of heaviness; the severity of the outline does not militate against beauty; if it is cold, it is also noble; if not impulsive, it is suggestive. As a writer of Latin poems he ranks with our most successful scholars and poets; having less harmony and majesty than Milton had—when he aspired to that species of “*Life in Death*”—but more variety and freedom of utterance. Mr. Landor’s English prose writings possess most of the characteristics of his poetry, only they are more perfect in their class. His “*Pericles and Aspasia*” and “*Pentameron*” are books for the world and for all time, whenever the world and time shall

come to their senses about them; complete in beauty of sentiment and subtlety of criticism. His general style is highly scholastic and elegant; his sentences have *articulations*, if such an expression may be permitted, of very excellent proportions. And, abounding in striking images and thoughts, he is remarkable for making clear ground there, and for lifting them, like statues to pedestals, where they may be seen most distinctly, and strike with the most enduring, though often the most gradual, impression. This is the case, both in his prose works and his poetry. It is more conspicuously true of some of his smaller poems, which for quiet classic grace and tenderness, and exquisite care in their polish, may best be compared with beautiful cameos and vases of the antique.

There are two of Landor’s works which are probably known to less than half-a-dozen people of the present day. One of them is entitled “*Poems from the Arabic and Persian*.” They are as full of ornate fancy, grace, and tenderness, as the originals from which they appeared to be translated, and were accompanied by a number of erudite critical notes, likely to cause much searching among Oriental scholars. And the search, after all, was certain to be in vain, as no such poems really existed in the Arabic or Persian. The other *brochure* was “*A Satire upon Satirists*,” a copy of which Mr. Landor sent to me. It was a scathing piece of heroic verse, and a brief extract may, perhaps, be given at the close of this series.

Allusion having been made to Landor with reference to “*Napoleon the First*,” an extract from one of Miss Barrett’s private Letters will prove interesting in the shape of a fragment of literary vengeance which the poet bequeathed to the Conqueror:—

Your [Life of] “*Napoleon*” touched me very much; and what I estimated was that we are not suffered in this, as in some other animated narratives, to be separated from our higher feelings without our consciousness. I like the tone of thought distinguishable through, and from, the cannonading,—the half sarcasm dropped, as unaware, among the pseudo glories which are the subjects of description. “*The dead say nothing.*” There are fine things, too, more than I can count, particularly with the book out of sight. The Duke d’Enghien’s death has haunted me, with the concluding words on human power—that “*effluence of mortality already beginning to decay.*” The book’s fault is its inequality of style; in fact, that you didn’t write it all; and I am consistent enough not to complain of that. Did you ever see Mr. Landor’s epigram upon Napoleon? He was so kind as to give it to

me, the only evening I ever spent in his company,—and here it is:—

Τὴς ποτε, Ναπολέον, τὰ σὺ πρῶτα καὶ ἑστέρα
γράψει
Ἔργα; Χρῆνος τέκνον αἵματι τερπόμενος.

Receiving this epigram while on a visit with a mutual lady-friend in the country, I requested her the next time she called on Miss Barrett to hand her the following paraphrastic translation,—

Napoleon! thy deeds beyond compeers,

Who shall write, thrillingly?—

The Father of Years!

And—with the blood of children—will-
ingly.

Feeling that there was another side to the question, I requested the same lady to hand also another epigram to the fair secluded classic,—

Holy Alliance!—Time can scarcely tell

To heaven or hell,

What blood and treasure sank into the void

Of hush-up night,

For "Divine Right,"—

Which that one man destroyed!

This subject naturally leads to recollections of the first great French Revolution,—to Carlyle's wonderfully graphic work on that subject,—and to several Letters from Miss Barrett concerning Carlyle, which were printed in the critical work previously mentioned. But the following Letter was *not* printed, having arrived some days too late. The references to theological dogmas are characterized by the writer's usual independence of thought, and force of expression:—

It is impossible to part from this subject without touching upon a point of it we have already glanced at by an illustration, when we said that his object was to discover the sun, and not to specify the landscape. He is, in fact, somewhat indefinite in his ideas of "faith" and "truth." In his ardour for the quality of belief, he is apt to separate it from its objects; and although in the remarks on tolerance in his "Hero Worship" he guards himself strongly from an imputation of latitudinarianism, yet we cannot say but that he sometimes overleaps his own fences, and sets us wondering whether he would be speeding. This is the occasion of some disquiet to such of his readers as discern with any clearness that the *truth itself* is a more excellent thing than our *belief* in the truth; and that, *a priori*, our *belief does not make the truth*. But it is the effect, more or less, of every abstract consideration that we are inclined to hold the object of abstraction some moments longer in its state of separation and analysis than is at all necessary or desirable. And, after all, the

right way of viewing the matter is that Mr. Carlyle intends to teach us something, and not everything; and to direct us to a particular instrument, and not to direct us in its specific application. It would be a strange reproach to offer to the morning star, that it does not shine in the evening.

For the rest, we may congratulate Mr. Carlyle and the dawning time. We have observed that individual genius is the means of popular advancement. A man of genius gives a thought to the multitude, and the multitude spread it out as far as it will go, until another man of genius brings another thought, which attaches itself to the first, because all truth is assimilative, and perhaps even reducible to that monadity of which Parmenides discoursed. Mr. Carlyle is gradually amassing a greater reputation than might have been looked for at the hands of this Polytechnic age, and has the satisfaction of witnessing with his living eyes the outspread of his thought among nations. That this Thought—the ideas of this prose poet, should make way with sufficient rapidity for him to live to see the progress, as a fact full of hope for the coming age; even as the other fact, of its first channel furrowing America (and it is a fact that Carlyle was generally read there before he was truly recognized in his own land), is replete with favourable promise for that great country, and indicative of a noble love of truth in it passing the love of dollars.

The following *fragment* of a Letter was not intended for the work previously mentioned, but might very well have been included in it—although I should have proposed here and there to interpolate an adverse word:—

FRAGMENT.

I have been reading Carlyle's "Past and Present." There is nothing new in it, even of Carlyleism—but almost everything true. But tell me, why should he call the English people a silent people, whose epics are in *action*, and whose Shakespeare and Milton are mere accidents of their condition? Is that true? Is not this contrary—most extremely, to truth? [Indeed, I do think it very true.] This English people—has it not a nobler, a fuller, a more abounding and various literature than all the peoples of the earth, "past or present," dead or living, all except one—the Greek people? It is "fact," and not "sham," that our literature is the fullest, and noblest, and most suggestive—do you not think so? I wish I knew Mr. Carlyle, to look in his face, and say, "We are a most singing people—a most eloquent and speechful people—we are none of us silent, except the undertaker's mutes."

Most truly and loquaciously yours,

E. B. BARRETT.

Had I been challenged so stoutly—nay, charged home, at the point of the

pen—in our present day, I should certainly have taken side with Thomas Carlyle. By a “singing people” must be meant either poets or vocalists, and in both cases, especially the former, the men of genius have always been exceptions. We all know how Shakespeare and Milton were regarded in their own day; and if such men now lived, we see clearly how they would be treated by managers of theatres, and by nearly every living publisher—for the good business-reason that “they wouldn’t sell.” Meantime a noble Duke the other day gave £2,000 for a bull! To keep up our breed. Most cattle-spirited and praiseworthy, of course. The epics in action, alluded to by Carlyle, would find their audience in the sedulous readers of Abyssinian wars, and Ashantee wars,—not to speak of the insatiate and inexhaustible readers of the deeds of the “hero” of the late Tichborne wars! For speechful eloquence, are not Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright remarkable *exceptions* among English people;—Mr. Gladstone also, standing upon a waggon for a couple of hours without his hat—and allowed by twenty thousand people to stand thus uncovered—on a pitiless windy day pouring out “speech” like any “Christom child”—who shall say that such things, because they are the common property of England, are the common capacities of the English people? As to “siltness,” even among each other, does not everybody know this at home and abroad?

With reference to Miss Barrett’s claiming for us so full, and noble, and varied a general literature, it is no doubt a just eulogy, although one might demur to the term “suggestive,” as it would seem far more applicable to the literature of Germany. Yet, again, the *exceptions* among us are undoubted, even in the face of German idealities,—one striking instance of which, among many that could be adduced, will be manifest when I place before the reader Miss Barrett’s suggestions for the lyrical drama of “Psyche,” previously mentioned.

R. H. HORNE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A ROSE IN JUNE.

CHAPTER X.

MR. INCLEDON was a man of whom people said that any girl might be glad to

marry him; and considering marriage from an abstract point of view, as one naturally does when it does not concern one’s self, this was entirely true. In position, in character, in appearance, and in principles he was everything that could be desired: a good man, just, and never consciously unkind; nay, capable of generosity when it was worth his while and he had sufficient inducement to be generous. A man well educated, who had been much about the world, and had learned the toleration which comes by experience; whose opinions were worth hearing on almost every subject; who had read a great deal, and thought a little, and was as much superior to the ordinary young man of society in mind and judgment as he was in wealth. That this kind of man often fails to captivate a foolish girl, when her partner in a false, brainless, beardless, and penniless, succeeds without any trouble in doing so, is one of those mysteries of nature which nobody can penetrate, but which happens too often to be doubted. Even in this particular, however, Mr. Incledon had his advantages. He was not one of those who, either by contempt for the occupations of youth or by the gravity natural to maturer years, allow themselves to be pushed aside from the lighter part of life—he still danced, though not with the absolute devotion of twenty, and retained his place on the side of youth, not permitting himself to be shelved. More than once, indeed, the young officers from the garrison near, and the young scions of the county families, had looked on with puzzled noncomprehension, when they found themselves altogether distanced in effect and popularity by a mature personage whom they would gladly have called an old fogie had they dared. These young gentlemen of course consoled their vanity by railing against the mercenary character of women who preferred wealth to everything. But it was not only his wealth upon which Mr. Incledon stood. No girl who married him need have felt herself withdrawn to the grave circle in which her elders had their place. He was able to hold his own in every pursuit with men ten years his juniors, and did so. Then, too, he had almost a romantic side to his character; for a man so well off does not put off marrying for so long without a reason, and though nobody knew of any previous story, any “entanglement,” which would have restrained him, various picturesque suggestions were afloat; and even failing these, the object of his

choice might have laid the flattering unction to her soul that his long waiting had been for the realization of some perfect ideal which he found only in her.

This model of a marriageable man took his way from the White House in a state of mind less easily described than most of his mental processes. He was not excited to speak of, for an interview between a lover of thirty-five and the mother of the lady is not generally exciting; but he was a little doubtful of his own perfect judiciousness in the step he had just taken. I can no more tell you why he had set his heart on Rose than I can say why she felt no answering inclination towards him—for there were many other girls in the neighbourhood who would in many ways have been more suitable to a man of his tastes and position. But Rose was the one woman in the world for him, by sheer caprice of nature; just as reasonable, and no more so, as that other caprice which made him, with all his advantages and recommendations, not the man for her. If ever a man was in a position to make a deliberate choice, such as men are commonly supposed to make in matrimony, Mr. Incledon was the man; yet he chose just as much and as little as the rest of us do. He saw Rose, and some power which he knew nothing of decided the question at once for him. He had not been thinking of marriage, but then he made up his mind to marry; and whereas he had on various occasions weighed the qualities and the charms of this one and the other, he never asked himself a question about her, nor compared her with any other woman, nor considered whether she was suited for him, or anything else about her. This was how he exercised that inestimable privilege of choice which women sometimes envy. But having once received this conviction into his mind, he had never wavered in his determination to win her. The question in his mind now was, not whether his selection was the best he could have made, but whether it was wise of him to have entrusted his cause to the mother rather than to have spoken to Rose herself. He had remained in the background during those dreary months of sorrow. He had sent flowers and game and messages of enquiry; but he did not thrust himself upon the notice of the women, till their change of residence gave token that they must have begun to rouse themselves for fresh encounter with the world. When he was on his way to the White House he

had fully persuaded himself that to speak to the mother first was the most delicate and the most wise thing he could do. For one thing, he could say so much more to her than he could to Rose; he could assure her of his goodwill and of his desire to be of use to the family should he become a member of it. Mr. Incledon did not wish to bribe Mrs. Damerel to be on his side. He had indeed a reasonable assurance that no such bribe was necessary, and that a man like himself must always have a reasonable mother on his side. This he was perfectly aware of, as indeed any one in his senses would have been. But as soon as he had made his declaration to Mrs. Damerel, and had left the White House behind, his thoughts began to torment him with doubts of the wisdom of this proceeding. He saw very well that there was no clinging of enthusiastic love, no absolute devotedness of union, between this mother and daughter, and he began to wonder whether he might not have done better had he run all the risks and broached the subject to Rose herself, shy and liable to be startled as she was. It was perhaps possible that his own avowal, which must have had a certain degree of emotion in it, would have found better acceptance with her than the passionless statement of his attentions which Mrs. Damerel would probably make. For it never dawned upon Mr. Incledon's imagination that Mrs. Damerel would support his suit not with calmness, but passionately—more passionately, perhaps, than would have been possible to himself. He could not have divined any reason why she should do so, and naturally he had not the least idea of the tremendous weapons she was about to employ in his favour. I don't think, for very pride and shame, that he would have sanctioned the use of them had he known.

It happened, however, by chance that as he walked home in the wintry twilight he met Mrs. Wodehouse and her friend Mrs. Musgrove, who were going the same way as he was, on their way to see the Northcotes, who had lately come to the neighbourhood. He could not but join them so far in their walk, nor could he avoid the conversation which was inevitable. Mrs. Wodehouse indeed was very eager for it, and began almost before he could draw breath.

"Did you see Mrs. Damerel after all?" she asked. "You remember I met you when you were on your way?"

"Yes; she was good enough to see me," said Mr. Incledon.

"And how do you think she is looking? I hear such different accounts; some people say very ill, some just as usual. I have not seen her myself," said Mrs. Wodehouse, slightly drawing herself up, "except in church."

"How was that?" he said, half amused. "I thought you had always been great friends."

Upon this he saw Mrs. Musgrove give a little jerk to her friend's cloak, in warning, and perceived that Mrs. Wodehouse wavered between a desire to tell a grievance and the more prudent habit of self-restraint.

"Oh!" she said, with a little hesitation; "yes, of course we were always good friends. I had a great admiration for our late good Rector, Mr. Incledon. What a man he was! Not to say a word against the new one, who is very nice, he will never be equal to Mr. Damerel. What a fine mind he had, and a style, I am told, equal to the very finest preachers! We must never hope to hear such sermons in our little parish again. Mrs. Damerel is a very good woman, and I feel for her deeply; but the attraction in that house, as I am sure you must have felt, was not her, but him."

"I have always had a great regard for Mrs. Damerel," said Mr. Incledon.

"Oh, yes, yes! I am sure—a good wife and an excellent mother and all that; but not the fine mind, not the intellectual conversation, one used to have with the dear Rector," said good Mrs. Wodehouse, who had about as much intellect as would lie on a sixpence; and then she added, "Perhaps I am prejudiced; I never can get over a slight which I am sure she showed to my son."

"Ah! what was that?"

Mrs. Musgrove once more pulled her friend's cloak, and there was a great deal more eagerness and interest than the occasion deserved in Mr. Incledon's tone.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence! What do you say, dear?—a mistake? Well, I don't think it was a mistake. They thought Edward was going to—; yes, *that* was a mistake, if you please. I am sure he had many other things in his mind a great deal more important. But they thought—; and though common civility demanded something different, and I took the trouble to write a note and ask it, I do think—; but, however, after the words I had with her to-day, I

no longer blame Rose. Poor child! I am always very sorry for poor Rose."

"Why should you be sorry for Miss Damerel? Was she one of those who slighted your son? I hope Mr. Edward Wodehouse is quite well."

"He is very well, I thank you, and getting on so satisfactorily; nothing could be more pleasant. Oh, you must not think Edward cared! He has seen a great deal of the world, and he did not come home to let himself be put down by the family of a country clergyman. That is not at all what I meant; I am sorry for Rose, however, because of a great many things. She ought to go out as a governess or companion, or something of that sort, poor child! Mrs. Damerel may try, but I am sure they never can get on as they are doing. I hear that all they have to depend on is about a hundred and fifty a year. A family can never live upon that, not with their habits, Mr. Incledon; and therefore, I think I may well say *poor* Rose!"

"I don't think Miss Damerel will ever require to make such a sacrifice," he said, hurriedly.

"Well, I only hope you are right," said Mrs. Wodehouse. "Of course you know a great deal more about business matters than I do, and perhaps their money is at higher interest than we think for; but if I were Rose I almost think I should see it to be my duty. Here we are at Mrs. Northcote's, dear. Mr. Incledon, I am afraid we must say goodbye."

Mr. Incledon went home very hot and fast after this conversation. It warmed him in the misty cold evening, and seemed to put so many weapons into his hand. Rose, his Rose, go out as a governess or companion! He looked at the shadow of his own great house standing out against the frosty sky, and laughed to himself as he crossed the park. She a dependant, who might to-morrow if she pleased be virtual mistress of Whitton and all its wealth! He would have liked to have said to these women, "In three months Rose will be the great lady of the parish, and lay down the law to you and the Green, and all your gossiping society." He would even, in a rare fit of generosity, have liked to tell them, on the spot, that this blessedness was in Rose's power, to give her honour in their eyes whether she accepted him or not; which was a very generous impulse indeed, and one which few men would have been equal

to — though indeed as a matter of fact Mr. Incledon did not carry it out. But he went into the lonely house where everything pleasant and luxurious, except the one crowning luxury of some one to share it with, awaited him, in a glow of energy and eagerness, resolved to go back again to-morrow and plead his cause with Rose herself, and win her, not prudentially through her mother, but by his own warmth of love and eloquence. Poor Rose in June! In the wintry setting of the White House she was not much like the Rector's flower-maiden, in all her delicate perfection of bloom, "queen rose of the rosebud garden," impersonation of all the warmth, and sweetness, and fragrance, and exquisite simple profusion of summer and nature. Mr. Incledon's heart swelled full of love and pity as he thought of the contrast — not with passion but soft tenderness, and a delicious sense of what it was in his power to do for her, and to restore her to. He strayed over the rooms which he had once shown to her, with a natural pride in their beauty, and in all the delicate treasures he had accumulated there, until he came to the little inner room with its grey-green hangings, in which hung the Perugino, which, since Rose had seen it, he had always called his Raphael. He seemed to see her too, standing there looking at it, a creature partaking something of that soft divinity, an enthusiast with sweet soul and looks congenial to that heavenly art. I do not know that his mind was of a poetical turn by nature; but there are moments when life makes a poet of the dullest, and on this evening the lonely quiet house within the parks and woods of Whitton, where there had been neither love, nor anything worth calling life, for years, except in the cheery company of the servants' hall, suddenly got itself lighted up with ethereal lights of tender imagination and feeling. The illumination did not show outwardly, or it might have alarmed the Green, which was still unaware that the queen of the house had passed by there, and the place lighted itself up in prospect of her coming.

After dinner, however, Mr. Incledon descended from these regions of fancy, and took a step which seemed to himself a very clever as well as prudent, and at the same time a very friendly one. He had not forgotten, any more than the others had, that summer evening on the lawn at the Rectory, when young Wodehouse had strayed down the hill with

Rose out of sight of the seniors of the party, and though all his active apprehensions on that score had been calmed down by Edward's departure, yet he was too wise not to perceive that there was something in Mrs. Wodehouse's disjointed talk more than met the eye at the first glance. Mr. Incledon had a friend who was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and upon whom he could rely to do him a service; a friend whom he had never asked for anything — for what was official patronage to the master of Whitton? He wrote him a long and charming letter, which, if I had only room for it, or if it had anything to do except incidentally with this simple history, would give the reader a much better idea of his abilities and social charm than anything I can show of him here. In it he discussed the politics of the moment, and that gossip on a dignified scale about ministers and high officials of state which is half history — and he touched upon social events in a light and amusing strain, with the half cynicism which lends salt to correspondence; and he told his friend half gaily, half seriously, that he was beginning to feel somewhat solitary, and that dreams of marrying, and marrying soon, were stealing into his mind. And he told him about his Perugino ("which I fondly hope may turn out an early Raphael"), and which it would delight him to show to a brother connoisseur. "And, by-the-bye," he added, after all this, "I have a favour to ask of you which I have kept like a lady's postscript. I want you to extend the ægis of your protection over a fine young fellow in whom I am considerably interested. His name is Wodehouse, and his ship is at present on that detestable slave trade service which costs us so much money and does so little good. He has been a long time in the service, and I hear he is a very promising young officer. I should consider it a personal favour if you could do something for him; and (N.B.) it would be a still greater service to combine promotion with as distant a post as possible. His friends are anxious to keep him out of the way for private reasons — the old 'entanglement' business, which, of course, you will understand; but I think it hard that this sentence of banishment should be conjoined with such a disagreeable service. Give him a gun-boat and send him to look for the North-west passage, or anywhere else where my lords have a whim for exploring! I never thought to have paid such a tribute to your official dig-

nity as to come, hat in hand, for a place, like the rest of the world. But no man, I suppose, can always resist the common impulse of his kind; and I am happy in the persuasion that to you I will not plead in vain."

I am afraid that nothing could have been more disingenuous than this letter. How it worked, the reader will see hereafter; but, in the meantime, I cannot defend Mr. Incledon. He acted, I suppose, on the old and time-honoured sentiment that any stratagem is allowable in love and war, and consoled himself for the possible wrong he might be doing (only a possible wrong, for Wodehouse might be kept for years cruising after slaves for anything Mr. Incledon knew) by the unquestionable benefit which would accompany it. "A young fellow living by his wits will find a gunboat of infinitely more service to him than a foolish love affair which never could come to anything," his rival said to himself.

And after having sealed this letter, he returned into his fairyland. He left the library where he had written it, and went to the drawing-room which he rarely used, but which was warm with a cheerful fire and lighted with soft wax-lights for his pleasure should he care to enter. He paused at the door a moment and looked at it. The wonders of upholstery in this carefully decorated room, every scrap of furniture in which had cost its master thought, would afford pages of description to a fashionable American novelist, or to the refined chroniclers of the *Family Herald*; but I am not sufficiently learned to do them justice. The master of the house, however, looked at the vacant room with its softly burning lights, its luxurious vacant seats, its closely drawn curtains, the books on the tables which no one ever opened, the pictures on the walls which nobody looked at (except on great occasions), with a curious sense at once of desolation and of happiness. How dismal its silence was! not a sound but the dropping of the ashes from the fire, or the movement of the burning fuel; and he himself a ghost looking into a room which might be inhabited by ghosts for aught he knew. Here and there, indeed, a group of chairs had been arranged by accident so as to look as if they were occupied, as if one unseen being might be whispering to another, noiselessly smiling, and pointing at the solitary. But no, there was a pleasant interpretation to be given to that soft, luxurious, brightly-coloured vacan-

cy; it was all prepared and waiting, ready for the gentle mistress who was to come.

How different from the low-roofed drawing-room at the White House, with the fireplace at one end of the long room, with the damp of ages in the old walls, with draughts from every door and window, and an indifferent lamp giving all the light that they could afford! Mr. Incledon, perhaps, thought of that, too, with an increased sense of the advantages he had to offer; but lightly, not knowing all the discomforts of it. He went back to his library after this inspection, and the lights burned on, and the ghosts, if there were any, had the full enjoyment of it till the servants came to extinguish the candles and shut up everything for the night.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Rose went up the creaking stairs to bed on that memorable night her feelings were like those of some one who has just been overtaken by one of the great catastrophes of nature—a hurricane or an earthquake—and who, though escaped for the moment, hears the tempest gathering in another quarter, and knows that this is but the first flash of its wrath, and that he has yet worse encounters to meet. I am of Mr. Incledon's opinion—or rather of the doubt fast ripening into an opinion in his mind—that he had made a mistake, and that possibly if he had taken Rose herself "with the tear in her eye," and pressed his suit at first hand, he might have succeeded better; but such might-bees are always doubtful to affirm and impossible to prove. She sat down for a while in her cold room, where the draughts were playing freely about, and where there was no fire—to think; but as for thinking, that was an impossible operation in face of the continued gleams of fancy which kept showing now one scene to her, now another; and of the ringing echo of her mother's words which kept sounding through and through the stillness. Self-indulgence—choosing her own pleasure rather than her duty—what she liked instead of what was right. Rose was far too much confused to make out how it was that these reproaches seemed to her instinct so inappropriate to the question; she only felt it vaguely, and cried a little at the thought of the selfishness attributed to her; for there is no opprobrious word that cuts so deeply into the breast of a romantic, innocent girl. She sat there pensive till all her fac-

ulties got absorbed in the dreary sense of cold and bodily discomfort, and then she rose and said her prayers, and untwisted her pretty hair and brushed it out, and went to bed, feeling as if she would have to watch through the long dark hours till morning, though the darkness and loneliness frightened her, and she dreaded the night. But Rose was asleep in half an hour, though the tears were not dry on her eyelashes, and I think slept all the long night through which she had been afraid of, and woke only when the first grey of daylight revealed the cold room and a cold morning dimly to her sight — slept longer than usual, for emotion tires the young. Poor child! she was a little ashamed of herself when she found how soundly she had slept.

"Mamma would not let me call you," said Agatha, coming into her room; "she said you were very tired last night; but do please come down now and make haste. There is such a basket of flowers in the hall from Whitton, the man says. Where's Whitton? Isn't it Mr. Inledon's place? But make haste, Rose, for breakfast, now that you are awake."

So she had no time to think just then, but had to hurry down-stairs, where her mother met her with something of a wistful look, and kissed her with a kind of murmured half apology. "I am afraid I frightened you last night, Rose."

"Oh, no, not frightened," the girl said, taking refuge among the children, before whom certainly nothing could be said; and then Agatha and Patty surged into the conversation, and all gravity or deeper meaning was taken out of it. Indeed, her mother was so cheerful that Rose would almost have hoped she was to hear no more of it, had it not been for the cluster of flowers which stood on the table, and the heaped-up bunches of beautiful purple grapes which filled a pretty Tuscan basket, and gave dignity to the bread and butter. This was a sign of the times which was very alarming; and I do not know why it was, unless it might be by reason of her youth, that those delicate and lovely things — fit offerings for a lover — never moved her to any thought of what it was she was rejecting, or tempted her to consider Mr. Inledon's proposal as one which involved many delightful things along with himself, who was not delightful. This idea, oddly enough, did not find any place in her mind, though she was as much subject to the influence of all that was lovely and pleasant as any girl could be.

The morning passed, however, without any further words on the subject, and her heart had begun to beat easier and her excitement to calm down, when Mrs. Damerel suddenly came to her, after the children's lessons, which was now their mother's chief occupation. She came upon her quite unexpectedly, when Rose, moved by their noiseless presence in the room, and unable to keep her hands off them any longer, had just commenced in the course of her other arrangements (for Rose had to be a kind of upper housemaid, and make the drawing-room habitable after the rough and ready operation which Mary Jane called "tidying") to make a pretty group upon a table in the window of Mr. Inledon's flowers. Certainly they made the place look prettier and pleasanter than it had ever done yet, especially as one stray gleam of sunshine, somewhat pale, like the girl herself, but cheery, had come glancing in to light up the long, low, quaint room and caress the flowers. "Ah, Rose, they have done you good already!" said her mother; "you look more like yourself than I have seen you for many a day."

Rose took her hands from the last flower-pot as if it had burnt her, and stood aside, so angry and vexed to have been found at this occupation that she could have cried.

"My dear," said her mother, going up to her, "I do not know that Mr. Inledon will be here to-day; but if he comes I must give him an answer. Have you reflected upon what I said to you? I need not tell you again how important it is, or how much you have in your power."

Rose clasped her hands together in self-support — one hand held fast by the other, as if that slender grasp had been something worth clinging to. "Oh! what can I say?" she cried; "I — told you; what more can I say?"

"You told me! Then, Rose, everything that I said to you last night goes for nothing, though you must know the truth of it far, far better than my words could say. Is it to be the same thing over again — always over again? Self, first and last, the only consideration? Everything to please yourself; nothing from higher motives? God forgive you, Rose!"

"Oh, hush, hush! it is unkind — it is cruel. I would die for you if that would do any good!" cried Rose.

"These are easy words to say; for dying would do no good, neither would it be asked from you," said Mrs. Damerel, impatiently. "Rose, I do not ask this in

ordinary obedience, as a mother may command a child. It is not a child but a woman who must make such a decision; but it is my duty to show you your duty, and what is best for yourself as well as for others. No one—neither man nor woman, nor girl nor boy—can escape from duty to others; and when it is neglected some one must pay the penalty. But you—you are happier than most. You can, if you please, save your family."

"We are not starving, mamma," said Rose, with trembling lips; "we have enough to live upon—and I could work—I would do anything——"

"What would your work do, Rose? If you could teach—and I don't think you could teach—you might earn enough for your own dress; that would be all. Oh, my dear! listen to me. The little work a girl can do is nothing. She can make a sacrifice of her own inclination—of her fancy; but as for work, she has nothing in her power."

"Then I wish there were no girls!" cried Rose, as many a poor girl has done before her, "if we can do nothing but be a burden—if there is no work for us, no use for us, but only to sell ourselves. Oh, mamma, mamma! do you know what you are asking me to do?"

"I know a great deal better than you do, or you would not repeat to me this vulgar nonsense about selling yourself. Am I likely to bid you sell yourself? Listen to me, Rose. I want you to be happy, and so you would be—nay, never shake your head at me—you would be happy with a man who loves you, for you would learn to love him. Die for us! I have heard such words from the lips of people who would not give up a morsel of their own will—not a whim, not an hour's comfort——"

"But I—I am not like that," cried Rose, stung to the heart. "I would give up anything—everything—for the children and you!"

"Except what you are asked to give up; except the only thing which you can give up. Again I say, Rose, I have known such cases. They are not rare in this world."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!"

"You think I am cruel. If you knew my life, you would not think so; you would understand my fear and horror of this amiable self-seeking which looks so natural. Rose," said her mother, dropping into a softer tone, "I have something more to say to you—perhaps some-

thing that will weigh more with you than anything I can say. Your father had set his heart on this. He spoke to me of it on his death-bed. God knows! perhaps he saw then what a dreary struggle I should have, and how little had been done to help us through. One of the last things he said to me was, 'Incedon will look after the boys.'"

"Papa said that?" said Rose, putting out her hands to find a prop. Her limbs seemed to refuse to support her. She was unprepared for this new unseen antagonist. "Papa? How did he know?"

The mother was trembling and pale, too, overwhelmed by the recollection as well as by her anxiety to conquer. She made no direct answer to Rose's question, but took her hand within both of hers, and continued with her eyes full of tears: "You would like to please *him*, Rose—it was almost the last thing he said—to please him, and to rescue me from anxieties I can see no end to, and to secure Bertie's future. Oh, Rose! you should thank God that you can do so much for those you love. And you would be happy, too. You are young, and love begets love. He would do everything that man could do to please you. He is a good man, with a kind heart; you would get to love him; and, my dear, you would be happy too."

"Mamma," said Rose, with her head bent down and some silent tears dropping upon Mr. Incedon's flowers—a flush of colour came over her downcast face, and then it grew pale again; her voice sounded so low that her mother stooped towards her to hear what she said—"mamma, I should like to tell you something."

Mrs. Damerel made an involuntary movement—a slight instinctive withdrawal from the confidence. Did she guess what it was? If she did so, she made up her mind at the same time not to know it. "What is it, dear?" she said, tenderly, but quickly. "Oh, Rose! do you think I don't understand your objections? But, my darling, surely you may trust your mother, who loves you more than all the world. You will not reject it—I know you will not reject it. There is no blessing that is not promised to those that deny themselves. He will not hurry nor press you, dear. Rose, say I may give him a kind answer when he comes?"

Rose's head was swimming, her heart throbbing in her ears and her throat. The girl was not equal to such a strain.

To have the living and the dead both uniting against her—both appealing to her in the several names of love and duty against love—was more than she could bear. She had sunk into the nearest chair, unable to stand, and she no longer felt strong enough, even had her mother been willing to hear it, to make that confession which had been on her lips. At what seemed to be the extremity of human endurance she suddenly saw one last resource in which she might still find safety, and grasped at it, scarcely aware what she did. "May I see Mr. Incledon myself if he comes?" she gasped, almost under her breath.

"Surely, dear," said her mother, surprised; "of course that would be the best;—if you are able for it, if you will think well before you decide, if you will promise to do nothing hastily. Oh, Rose! do not break my heart!"

"It is more likely to be my own that I will break," said the girl, with a shadow of a smile passing over her face. "Mamma, will you be very kind, and say no more? I will think, think—everything that you say; but let me speak to him myself, if he comes."

Mrs. Damerel looked at her very earnestly, half suspicious, half sympathetic. She went up to her softly and put her arms round her, and pressed the girl's drooping head against her breast. "God bless you, my darling!" she said, with her eyes full of tears; and, kissing her hastily, went out of the room, leaving Rose alone with her thoughts.

If I were to tell you what these thoughts were, and all the confusion of them, I should require a year to do it. Rose had no heart to stand up and fight for herself all alone against the world. Her young frame ached and trembled from head to foot with the unwonted strain. If there had been indeed any one—any one—to struggle for; but how was she to stand alone and battle for herself? Everything combined against her; every motive, every influence. She sat in a vague trance of pain, and, instead of thinking over what had been said, only saw visions gleaming before her of the love which was a vision, nothing more, and which she was called upon to resign. A vision!—that was all; a dream, perhaps, without any foundation. It seemed to disperse like a mist, as the world melted and dissolved around her—the world which she had known—showing a new world, a dreamy, undiscovered country, forming out of darker

vapours before her. She sat thus till the stir of the children in the house warned her that they had come in from their daily walk to the early dinner. She listened to their voices and noisy steps and laughter with the strangest feeling that she was herself a dreamer, having nothing in common with the fresh real life where all the voices rang out so clearly, where people said what they meant with spontaneous outcries and laughter, and there was no concealed meaning and nothing beneath the sunny surface; but when she heard her mother's softer tones speaking to the children, Rose got up hurriedly, and fled to the shelter of her room. If anything more were said to her she thought she must die. Happily Mrs. Damerel did not know that it was her voice, and not the noise of the children, which was too much for poor Rose's overstrained nerves. She sent word by Agatha that Rose must lie down for an hour and try to rest; and that quiet was the best thing for her headache, which, of course, was the plea the girl put forth to excuse her flight and seclusion. Agatha, for her part, was very sorry and distressed that Rose should miss her dinner, and wanted much to bring something upstairs for her, which was at once the kindest and most practical suggestion of all.

ALFRED B. STREET.

THAT it should be possible for a series of extracts from the works of one eminent American to be attributed, with little danger of contradiction, to another, is only one more illustration of the too well known fact, that what is most excellent, is not always most widely known, nor most highly esteemed.

The British Quarterly Review, in an extended notice of the *Life and Writings* of Thoreau, quotes as proof and illustration of his poetic genius, numerous gems of description which certainly establish the claims of their author to the character of a true poet, but which, many of them, were really written, not by Thoreau, but by Alfred B. Street, who has been called the "Herrick" and the "Teniers" of American poets.

Why his poems have been too generally forgotten while he is still only on the threshold of a respected and venerated old age, might be hard to tell. Probably lines and couplets from his writings, em-

bodying some delicately discriminating and suggestive description, some pregnant epithet, linger in the minds of many who have forgotten or who never knew the name of their author.

As is so often the case the longer and more ambitious poems of this writer are of much less value than the shorter and less pretentious ones, though all embody more or fewer of those exquisite mosaics of descriptive touch, which constitute the principal charm of his works.

That his merits were not overlooked by the highest authorities of the past or passing generation, some of their criticism on his works will best show; the extracts which they give in support of their opinions, have an intrinsic and abiding beauty which will be at least equally appreciated now.

Alfred B. Street was born in the village, now city, of Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, N. Y., well known as one of the most beautiful in the State, situated on the side and summit of a slope that swells up from the Hudson. From College Hill there is a prospect of almost matchless beauty. A scene of rural and sylvan loveliness expands from every point at its base; the roofs and steeples of the busy village rise from the foliage in which it seems embosomed; the river stretches league upon league with its gleaming curves beyond; to the west is a range of splendid mountains ending at the south in the misty peaks of the Highlands; whilst at the north, dim outlines sketched upon the distant sky, proclaim the domes of the soaring Catskills. It was among these scenes that our author passed his days of childhood; here his young eye first drank in the glories of Nature, and "the foundations of his mind were laid."

When, however, at the age of fourteen, he removed with his family to Monticello, he was immediately surrounded with scenes in striking contrast with those of his former life. Sullivan County had been organized only a score of years, and was scarcely yet rescued from the wilderness. Monticello, its county town, was surrounded by fields which only a short time before were parts of the wild forest, which still hemmed them in on every side. These forests were threaded with bright streams and scattered with broad lakes, while here and there the untiring axe of the settler, during the last quarter of a century, had been employed in opening the way for the industry and enterprise of man. Secluded as Sullivan County is in the southwesternmost nook of the State,

it would be difficult to find within its bounds another region of such sylvan beauty and wild grandeur. The eye is filled with images that make their own enduring places in the mind, storing it with rich and unfading pictures. Among these scenes, as might be supposed, Mr. Street ranged with a ceaseless delight, probably heightened by the strong contrast they afforded in their startling picturesqueness to the soft, quiet beauty of those of Dutchess. Instead of the smooth meadowy ascent, he saw the broken hillside blackened with fire, or just growing green with its first crop. Instead of the yellow corn-field stretching as far as the eye could see, he beheld the clearing spotted with stumps, with the thin rye growing between; instead of the comfortable farm-house peeping from its orchards, he saw the log-cabin stooping amid the half-cleared trees; the dark ravine took the place of the mossy dell, and the wild lake of the sail-spotted and far-stretching river.

Thus communing with nature, Mr. Street embodied the impressions made upon him in language, and in that form most appropriate in giving vent to deep enthusiastic feeling and high thought — the form of verse. Poem after poem was written by him, and being published in those best vehicles of communication with the public, the periodicals, soon attracted attention. Secluded from mankind, and surrounded with nature in her most impressive features, his thought took the direction of that which he saw most, and thus description became the characteristic of his verse. Equally cut off from books, his poetry found its origin in his own study of natural scenes, and in the thoughts that rose in his own bosom. The leaves and flowers were his words; the fields and hillsides were his pages; and the whole volume of Nature his treasury of knowledge. This, while it may have made him less artistic, was the means of that originality and unlikeness to any one else which are to be found in his pages.

But while thus employing his leisure, Mr. Street was engaged in studying his profession of law in the office of his father, and in due time was admitted to the bar. After practising for a few years at Monticello, in 1839 he removed to Albany, where he has continued to reside until the present time.

The Foreign Quarterly Review, one of the most distinguished of the English publications, in an article which bears

severely upon nearly every other American poet except Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck, and Emerson, speaks in the following manner of Mr. Street :

"He is a descriptive poet, and at the head of his class. His pictures of American scenery are full of *gusto* and freshness ; sometimes too wild and diffuse, but always true and beautiful. The opening of a piece called the 'Settler' is very striking.

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering down were flung
The Titans of the wood ;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
*And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.*

His poems are very unequal, and none of them can be cited as being complete in its kind. He runs into a false luxuriance in the ardor of his love of nature, and in the wastefulness of a lively, but not large imagination ; and like Browne, the author of the 'Pastorals,' he continually sacrifices general truth to particular details, making un-likenesses by the crowding and closeness of his touches. Yet with all his faults his poems cannot be read without pleasure."

The Westminster Review also noticed the poems in the following manner :

"It is long since we met with a volume of poetry from which we have derived so much unmixed pleasure as from the collection now before us.

"Right eloquently does he discourse of Nature, her changeful features and her varied moods, as exhibited in his own 'America with her rich green forest-robe ;' and many are the glowing pictures we would gladly transfer to our pages, did our limits permit, in proof of the poet's assertion that 'Nature is man's best teacher.' But we must only quote

A FOREST WALK.

A lovely sky, a cloudless sun,
A wind that breathes of leaves and flowers,
O'er hill, through dale, my steps have won
To the cool forest's shadowy bowers ;
One of the paths, all round that wind
Traced by the browsing herds, I choose,
And sights and sounds of human kind,
In Nature's lone recesses lose ;
The beech displays its marbled bark
The spruce its green tent stretches wide,
While scowls the hemlock, grim and dark,
The maple's scalloped dome beside.

All weave on high a verdant roof
That keeps the very sun aloof,
Making a twilight soft and green
Within the columned, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest odors have their birth
From the clothed boughs and teeming earth ;
Where pine-cones dropped, leaves piled and
dead,

Long tufts of grass and stars of fern
With many a wild-flower's fairy urn
A thick, elastic carpet spread ;
Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk
Resolving into soil, is sunk ;
There, wrenched but lately from its throne,
By some fierce whirlwind circling past,
Its huge roots massed with earth and stone,
One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest tops are bright
With the broad blaze of sunny light ;
But now a fitful air-gust parts
The screening branches, and a glow
Of dazzling, startling radiance darts
Down the dark stems, and breaks below ;
The mingled shadows off are rolled,
The sylvan floor is bathed in gold ;

Low sprouts and herbs, before unseen,
Display their shades of brown and green ;
Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss ;
The robin, brooding in her nest,
Chirps, as the quick ray strikes her breast,
And as my shadow prints the ground,
I see the rabbit upward bound,
With pointed ears an instant look,
Then scamper to the darkest nook,
Where, with crouched limb and staring eye,
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista carpeted
With rich green grass invites my tread ;
Here, showers the light in golden dots,
There, sleeps the shade in ebon spots,
So blended that the very air
Seems network as I enter there.
The partridge, whose deep rolling drum
Afair has sounded on my ear,
Ceasing its beatings as I come,
Whirrs to the sheltering branches near ;
The little milk snake glides away,
The bridled marmot dives from day ;
And now, between the boughs, a space
Of the blue laughing sky I trace ;
On each side shrinks the bowery shade ;
Before me spreads an emerald glade ;
The sunshine steeps its grass and moss,
That couch my footsteps as I cross ;
Merrily hums the tawny bee,
The glittering humming-bird I see ;
Floats the bright butterfly along,
The insect-choir is loud in song ;
A spot of light and life, it seems
A fairy haunt for fancy dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I press
In luxury of idleness ;

Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and sky
 Spotted with cloud-shapes, charm my eye ;
 While murmuring grass, and waving trees
 Their leaf-harps sounding to the breeze,
 And water tones that tinkle near
 Blend their sweet music to my ear ;
 And by the changing shades alone,
 The passage of the hours is known."

A complete and beautiful edition of Mr. Street's poems, in a large octavo volume of more than three hundred pages, was published by Messrs. Clark & Austin of the city of New York. The following criticism of it appeared in the Democratic Review, and we cannot better impart to the general reader an idea of Mr. Street's mental characteristics, than by transferring it, beautifully written as it is, to our pages. It was originally published anonymously, but is understood to be from the fine and graphic pen of H. T. Tuckerman, and was republished in "A Sketch of American Literature," by Mr. Tuckerman, appended to Shaw's "Complete Manual of English Literature :

"God has arrayed this continent with a sublime and characteristic beauty, that should endear its mountains and streams to the American heart; and whoever ably depicts the natural glory of America, touches a chord which should yield responses of admiration and loyalty. In this point of view alone, then, we deem the minstrel who ardently sings of forest and sky, river and highland, as eminently worthy of respectful greeting. This merit we confidently claim for the author of these poems. That he is deficient occasionally in high finish—that there is repetition and monotony in his strain—that there are redundant epithets, and a lack of variety in his effusions, we confess, at the outset, is undeniable; and having frankly granted all this to the critics, we feel at liberty to utter his just praise with equal sincerity. Street has an eye for Nature in all her moods. He has not roamed the woodlands in vain, nor have the changeful seasons passed him by without leaving vivid and lasting impressions. These his verse records with unusual fidelity and genuine emotion. We have wandered with him on a summer's afternoon, in the neighbourhood of his present residence, and stretched ourselves upon the greensward beneath the leafy trees, and can therefore testify that he observes, *con amore*, the play of shadows, the twinkle of swaying herbage in the sunshine, and all the phenomena that make the outward world so rich in meaning to the attentive gaze.

He is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their verisimilitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters, the flickering of autumn light, the sting of sleety snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, the melody of birds, and the odor of crushed pine-boughs, are present to our senses. In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second-hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet. His range is limited; but he has had the good sense not to wander from his sphere, candidly acknowledging that the heart of man has not furnished him the food for meditation, which inspires a higher class of poets. He is emphatically an observer. In England we notice that these qualities have been recognized; his 'Lost Hunter' was finely illustrated in a recent London periodical—thus affording the best evidence of the picturesque fertility of his muse. Many of his pieces, also, glow with patriotism. His 'Gray Forest Eagle' is a noble lyric, full of spirit; his forest scenes are minutely, and, at the same time, elaborately true; his Indian legends and descriptions of the seasons have a native zest which we have rarely encountered. Without the classic elegance of Thomson, he excels him in graphic power. There is nothing metaphysical in his turn of mind, or highly artistic in his style; but there is an honest directness and cordial faithfulness about him, that strikes us as remarkably appropriate and manly. Delicacy, sentiment, ideal enthusiasm, are not his by nature; but clear, bold, genial insight and feeling he possesses to a rare degree; and on these grounds we welcome his poems, and earnestly advise our readers to peruse them attentively, for they worthily depict the phases of Nature, as she displays herself in this land, in all her solemn magnificence and serene beauty."

We extract also a portion of an elaborate and exquisite criticism upon the same volume, which appeared in a late number of the American Review, written by its editor, George H. Colton.

"The rhymed pieces are of different degrees of excellence. There are quite too many careless lines, and here and there is an accent misplaced, or a heavy

word forced into light service ; but the rhythm in general runs with an equable and easy strength, the more worthy of regard because so evidently unartificial ; and there is often — not in the simply narrative pieces, like 'The Frontier Inroad' or 'Morannah,' but in the frequent minute pictures of Nature — a heedless but delicate movement of the measure, a lingering of expression corresponding with some dreamy abandonment of thought to the objects dwelt upon, or a rippling lapse of language where the author's mind seemed conscious of playing with them — caught, as it were, from the flitting of birds among leafy boughs, from the subtle wanderings of the bee, and the quiet brawling of woodland brooks over leaves and pebbles.

"Some liquid lines from 'The Willewemoc in Summer' are an example, at once, of Mr. Street's sweetness of versification, in any of the usual rhyming measures, and still more of his minute picturing of Nature.

Bubbling within some basin green
So fringed with fern the woodcock's bill
Scarce penetrates the leafy screen,
Leaps into life the infant rill.

Now pebbly shallows, where the deer
Just bathes his crossing hoof, and now
Broad hollowed creeks that, deep and clear,
Would overwhelm him to his antlered brow ;
Here the smooth silver sleeps so still
The ear might catch the faintest trill,
The bee's low hum — the whirr of wings,
And the sweet songs of grass-hid things.

Blue sky, pearl cloud and golden beam
Beguile my steps this summer day,
Beside the lone and lovely stream,
And mid its sylvan scenes to stray ;
The moss, too delicate and soft
To bear the tripping bird aloft,
Slopes its green velvet to the sedge,
Tufting the mirrored water's edge,
Where the slow eddies wrinking creep
Mid swaying grass in stillness deep.

"Still more exquisite — exquisite in every sense of the word — unquestionable *poetry* — is 'The Callikoon in Autumn.' The last verse in particular is of the finest order.

Sleep-like the silence, by the lapse
Of waters only broke,
And the woodpecker's fitful taps
Upon the hollow oak ;
And, mingling with the insect hum,
The beatings of the partridge drum,
With now and then a croak,

As, on his flapping wing, the crow
O'er passes, heavily and slow.

All steeped in that delicious charm
Peculiar to our land,
That comes, ere Winter's frosty arm
Knits Nature's icy band ;
The purple, rich and glimmering smoke
That forms the Indian Summer's cloak,
When, by soft breezes fanned,
For a few precious days he broods
Amidst the gladdened fields and woods.

See, on this edge of forest lawn,
Where sleeps the clouded beam,
A doe has led her spotted fawn
To gambol by the stream ;
Beside yon mullein's braided stalk
They hear the gurgling voices talk ;
While, like a wandering gleam,
The yellow-bird dives here and there,
A feathered vessel of the air.

"So also of a short piece called 'Midsummer;' if an ethereal and dreamy 'landscape' by Cole or Durand is a *painting*, why not this a *poem* ?

An August day ! a dreamy haze
Films air and mingles with the skies ;
Sweetly the rich dark sunshine plays,
Bronzing each object where it lies.
Outlines are melted in the gauze
That Nature veils ; the fitful breeze
From the thick pine low murmuring draws,
Then dies in flutterings through the trees.

"Another piece of a different style, but equally vivid and felicitous, is the prelude to a scene of 'Skating.' It is impossible not to admire it in every line. It is, by the way, an example almost faultless of measuring the melody by accents, not by syllables.

The thaw came on with its southern wind,
And misty, drizzly rain ;
The hill-side showed its russet dress,
Dark runnels seamed the plain ;
The snow-drifts melted off like breath,
The forest dropped its load,
The lake, instead of its mantle white,
A liquid mirror showed ;
It seemed, so soft was the brooding fog,
So fanning was the breeze,
You'd meet with violets in the grass,
And blossoms on the trees.

"In the use of language, more especially in his blank verse, Mr. Street is simple yet rich, and usually very felicitous. This is peculiarly the case in his choice of appellatives, which he selects and applies with an aptness of descriptive beauty not surpassed, if equalled, by any poet among us — certainly by none except Bryant. What is more remarkable — quite worthy of note amid the deluge

of diluted phraseology bestowed on us by most modern writers — is the almost exclusive use, in his poems, of Saxon words. We make, by no means, that loud objection to Latinisms which many feel called upon to set forth. In some kinds of verse, and in many kinds of prose, they are of great advantage, mellowing the diction, enlarging and enriching the power of expression. Unquestionably they have added much to the compass of the English language. This is more, however, for the wants of philosophy than of poetry — unless it be philosophical poetry. For in our language nearly all the strongest and most picturesque words, verbs, nouns, adjectives, are of one and two syllables only; but, also, nearly all such words are of Saxon origin. Descriptive poetry, therefore, to be of any force or felicity, must employ them; and it was this, no doubt, that led Mr. Street — unconsciously it may be — to choose them so exclusively. For the same reason, Byron, who in power of description is hardly equalled by any other English poet, used them to a greater extent, we believe, than any other 'moulder of verse' since Chaucer, unless we may except Scott in his narrative verse; Wordsworth, on the other hand, whose most descriptive passages have always a philosophical cast, makes constant draft on Latinized words, losing as much in vigour as he gains in melody and compass. In all Mr. Street's poems the reader will be surprised to find scarcely a single page with more than three or four words of other than Saxon derivation. This extraordinary keeping to one only of the three sources of our language — for the Norman-French forms a third — is owing, in great part, to the fact that his poetry is almost purely descriptive; yet not wholly to this, for any page of Thomson's 'Seasons,' or Cowper's 'Task,' will be found to have four times as many. It is certain, at least, that the use of such language has added immensely to the simplicity, strength, and picturesque effectiveness of Mr. Street's blank verse; and, as a general consideration of style, we recommend the point to the attention of all writers, whose diction is yet unformed, though we hold it a matter of far less importance in prose than in poetry.

"It will not be difficult to make good all we have said, by choice extracts, except for the difficulty of choosing. What, for example, could be finer in its way

than some passages from 'A September Stroll'?

The thread-like gossamer is waving past,
Borne on the wind's light wing, and to yon
branch

Tangled and trembling, clings like snowy silk.
The thistle-down, high lifted, through the rich
Bright blue, quick float, like gliding stars, and
then

Touching the sunshine, flash and seem to melt
Within the dazzling brilliance.

That aspen, to the wind's soft-fingered touch,
Flutters with all its dangling leaves, as though
Beating with myriad pulses.

"Besides this observation, keen as the Indian hunter's, of all Nature's slight and simple effects in quiet places, Mr. Street has a most gentle and contemplative eye for the changes which she silently throws over the traces where men have once been. For instance, in 'The Old Bridge' and 'The Forsaken Road.' So of a passage in 'The Ambush,' which sinks into the mind like the falling of twilight over an old ruin.

Old winding roads are frequent in the woods,
By the surveyor opened years ago,
When through the depths he led his trampling
band,

Startling the crouched deer from the under-
brush,

With unknown shouts and axe-blows. — Left
again

To solitude, soon Nature touches in
Picturesque graces. Hiding, here, in moss
The wheel-track — blocking up the vista,
there,

In bushes — darkening with her soft cool tints
The notches on the trees, and hatchet-cuts
Upon the stooping limbs — across the trail
Twisting, in wreaths, the pine's enormous
roots,

And twining, like a bower, the leaves above.
Now skirts she the faint path with fringes deep
Of thicket, where the checkered partridge
hides

Its downy brood, and whence, with drooping
wing,

It limps to lure away the hunter's foot,
Approaching its low cradle; now she coats
The hollow stripped by the surveyor's band
To pitch their tents at night, with pleasant
grass,

So that the doe, its slim fawn by its side,
Amidst the fire-flies in the twilight feeds; —
And now she hurls some hemlock o'er the
track,

Splitting the trunk that in the frost and rain
Asunder falls, and melts into a strip
Of umber dust.

"As the painter of landscapes, however, can never rank among the greatest

of painters, so the merely descriptive poet can never stand with the highest in his art. It needs a higher power of the mind, the transforming, the creative. Mr. Street endeavours only the pictures of external things. He rarely or never idealizes Nature; but Nature unidealized never brings a man into the loftier regions of poetry. For the greatest and highest use of material Nature, to the poet, is that she be made an exhaustless storehouse of imagery; that through her multitude of objects, aspects, influences, subtle sources of contrast and comparison, he should illustrate the universe of the unseen and spiritual. This is to be ποιητής — *Maker, CREATOR*. It is that strange power of

Imagination bodying forth
The forms of things unknown.

It is to interpret, '*idealize*' Nature.

"This is what Mr. Street never attempts. He never gives wing to his imagination. He presents to us only what nature shows to him — nothing farther. Or, if he makes the attempt, striking out into broader and sublimer fields, he is not successful. He is not at home, indeed, when describing the grander features of Nature herself, but only as he is picturing her more minute and delicate lineaments. He can give the tracery of a leaf, or the gauze wings of a droning beetle, better than the breaking up of a world in the Deluge, or the majesty of great mountains —

Throning Eternity in icy halls.

A remarkable example of this is the first piece, '*Nature*.' Through the first part, where he is describing the Creation, the Deluge, the sublime scenery in parts of the world with which his senses are not actually familiar, his imagination does not sustain itself, and his verse is comparatively lame and infelicitous. But when he comes to the quiet scenes in America, which he has seen and felt, he has such passages as these, passages which, in their way, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth or Bryant never excelled.

"Thus of Spring : —

In the moist hollows and by streamlet-sides
The grass stands thickly. Sunny banks have
burst
Into blue sheets of scented violets.
The woodland warbles, and the noisy swamp
Has deepened in its tones.

"And of Summer : —

O'er the branch-sheltered stream, the laurel
hangs
Its gorgeous clusters, and the basswood
breathes,
From its pearl-blossoms, fragrance.

But now the wind stirs fresher; darting round
The spider tightens its frail web; dead leaves
Whirl in quick eddies from the mounds; the
snail

Creeps to its twisted fortress, and the bird
Crouches amid its feathers. Wafted up,
The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the
sky,

And in its vapory mantle onward steps
The summer shower; over the shivering grass
It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells
Upon the dimpling stream, and, moving on,
It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet
And softly murmured music.

"Again in Autumn : —

The beech-nut falling from its opened burr
Gives a sharp rattle, and the locust's song
Rising and swelling shrill, then pausing short,
Rings like a trumpet. Distant woods and hills
Are full of echoes, and all sounds that strike
Upon the hollow air let loose their tongues.
The ripples, creeping through the matted
grass,

Drip on the ear, and the far partridge-drum
Rolls like low thunder. The last butterfly,
Like a winged violet, floating in the meek
Pink-coloured sunshine, sinks his velvet feet
Within the pillared mullein's delicate down,
And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.
Lazily wings the crow, with solemn croak,
From tree-top on to tree-top. Feebly chirps
The grasshopper, and the spider's tiny clock
Ticks from its crevice.

"How exquisite are these pictures! with what an appreciation, like the minute stealing in of light among leaves does he touch upon every delicate feature! And then, in how subtle an alembec of the mind must such language have been crystallized. The '*curiosa felicitas*' cannot be so exhibited except by genius.

"Mr. Street has published too much; he should have taken a lesson from Mr. Bryant. He constantly repeats himself, too, both in subjects and expression. His volume, therefore, appears monotonous and tiresome to the reader; without retrenchment it can hardly become popular. But we shall watch with much interest to see what he can do in other and higher spheres. Meanwhile, however, we give him the right hand of fellowship and gentle regard, for he has filled a part at least, of one great department of the field of poetry, with as exquisite a sense, with as fine a touch, with as loving and faithful an eye, heart and pen, as any one to whom Nature has

ever whispered familiar words in solitary places.

"In addition to the above, we quote a few felicities of thought and expression from the volume before mentioned.

A fresh damp sweetness fills the scene,
From dripping leaf and moistened earth ;
The odor of the wintergreen
Floats on the airs that now have birth.

The whizzing of the humming-bird's swift
wings
Spanning gray glimmering circles round its
shape.

When the strawberry ripe and red,
Is nestling at the roots of the deep grass.

The trees seem fusing in a blaze
Of gold-dust sparkling in the air.

Merrily hums the tawny bee.

The wind that shows its forest search
By the sweet fragrance of the birch.

The moving shades
Have wheeled their slow half circles, pointing
now
To the sunshine East.

A landscape frequent in the land
Which Freedom with her gifts to bless,
Grasping the axe when sheathing brand,
Hewed from the boundless wilderness.

And the faint sunshine winks with drowsiness.

Where, grasping with its knotted wreath
Of roots the mound-like trunk beneath,
In brown, wet fragments spread,
A young usurping sapling reigned ;
Nature, Mezentius-like, had chained
The living with the dead.

Within the clefts of bushes, and beneath
The thickets, raven darkness frowned, but still
The leaves upon the edges of the trees
Preserved their shapes.

A purple haze,
Blurring hill-outlines, glazing dusky nooks,
And making all things shimmer to the eye.

The sunshine twinkles round me, and the wind
Touches my brow with delicate downy kiss.

Through the dark leaves the low descending
sun
Glows like a spot of splendour from the shade
Of Rembrandt's canvas.

Listen — a murmuring sound arises up ;
'Tis the commune of Nature — the low talk
She holds perpetually with herself.

"We end our notice with selecting from

the volume a poem in a vein somewhat different from Mr. Street's usual descriptive efforts.

THE HARMONY OF THE UNIVERSE.

God made the world in perfect harmony.
Earth, air, and water, in its order each,
With its innumerable links, compose
But one unbroken chain ; the human soul
The clasp that binds it to His mighty arm.

A sympathy throughout each order reigns —
A touch upon one link is felt by all
Its kindred, and the influence ceaseth not
Forever. The massed atoms of the earth,
Jarred by the rending of its quivering breast,
Carry the movement in succession through
To the extremest bounds, so that the foot,
Tracking the regions of eternal frost,
Unknowing, treads upon a soil that throbs
With the Equator's earthquake.

The tall oak,
Thundering its fall in Appalachian woods,
Though the stern echo on the ear is lost,
Displaces with its groan the rings of air,
Until the swift and subtle messengers
Bear, each from each, the undulations on
To the rich palace of eternal Spring
That smiles upon the Ganges. Yea, on pass
The quick vibrations through the airy realms,
Not lost, until with Time's last gasp they die.

The craggy iceberg, rocking o'er the surge,
Telling its pathway by its crashing bolts,
Strikes its keen teeth within the shuddering
bark

When night frowns black. Down, headlong,
shoots the wreck ;

Lost is the vortex in the dashing waves,
And the wild scene heaves wildly as before ;
But every particle that whirled and foamed
Above the groaning, plunging mass, hath
urged

Its fellow, and the motion thus bequeathed
Lives in the ripple, edging flowery slopes
With melting lace-work ; or with dimples
rings

Smooth basins where the hanging orange-
branch

Showers fragrant snow, and then it ruffles on
Until it sinks upon Eternity.

Thus naught is lost in that harmonious chain,
That, changing momentarily, is perfect still.
God, whose drawn breaths are ages, with those
breaths

Renews their lustre. So 'twill ever be,
Till, with one wave of his majestic arm,
He snaps the clasp away, and drops the chain
Again in chaos, shattered by its fall."

In 1842, appeared "The Burning of Schenectady and other Poems" from the pen of Mr. Street.

William Gilmore Simms in the Magazine he established, "The Southern and

Western Monthly Magazine and Review," thus remarks:

"It is not, however, in the epic or the dramatic, but in the descriptive that Mr. Street excels. He is not even contemptive—solely descriptive, and as nice and as elaborate in details as any of the Flemish Masters. His delineations are as close and correct as if Nature herself had employed him as her chief secretary.

"Here is a spirited picture of the guard-room revel.

Circling a table flagon-strewed
The soldiers sat in jocund mood;
Around the fort the tempest howls;
Thick, solid-seeming darkness scowls:
But what reck they! with song and shout
Merrily speeds the festive scene,
Loud laughter greets the tawny scout,
As, startling, when, more shrill and keen
Swell on the air the furious gale,
He mutters of the morning's trail.
One, the most reckless of the band,
Viewing the scout with scornful eyes,
Fierce smites the table with his hand,
And swinging high his goblet, cries—
"Fill, comrades, fill, the wine is bright,
We'll drink the soldier's life to-night!
Sing, comrades, sing, the wind shall be
The chorus to our harmony!
This talk forbear—no trails we fear!
Thy boding's naught, no foe is near!
A guardian kind is Winter old!
He rears his barriers white and cold;
His frozen forests fill the track
Between us and fierce Frontenac!
Hark to the blast, how wild its sweep!
He shouts his chorus strong and deep;
How beats the snow! we envy not
This bitter night, the sentry's lot!
Our comrades at the gates must feel
The driving sleet like points of steel!
Fill, and let thanks to fortune flow
For wine and fire, not blast and snow!
Fill, till the brim is beaming bright!
We'll drink—the soldier's life!—to-night!

"We note several pieces of exquisite description. Nice bits of scenery occur in frequent pages—glimpses of wood and water, rude mountain and cultivated valley, slips of prospect such as a painter's eye would seize upon and fasten in autumnal tints upon the intelligible canvas. Occasionally, too, our author moralizes well upon the things he describes, with a pure spirit and that gentle solemnity which soothes and satisfies, without chilling or oppressing, the heart."

In 1849, *Frontenac*, a long narrative poem from the pen of Mr. Street was published by Richard Bentley, London, and subsequently ushered to the American public by the then publishing firm of

Baker and Scribner, since Scribner, Wel-ford & Co.

Of this poem "The Britannia," a London periodical, thus speaks.

"Mr. Street is one of the writers of whom his country has reason to be proud. His originality is not less striking than his talent. In dealing with the romance of North American life, at a period when the red man waged war with the European settler, he has skilfully preserved that distinctive reality in ideas, habits, and action characteristic of the Indian Tribes, while he has constructed a poem of singular power and beauty. In this respect 'Frontenac' is entirely different from 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' which presents us only with ideal portraiture. Mr. Street has collected all his materials from Nature. They are stamped with that impress of truth which is at once visible even to the inexperienced eye, and, like a great artist, he has exercised his imagination only in forming them into the most attractive, picturesque, and beautiful combinations.

"We can best give an idea of Mr. Street's production by saying that it resembles one of Cooper's Indian romances thrown into sweet and varied verse. The frequent change of metre is not we think advantageous to the effect of the poem as a whole, and the reader uninitiated in the pronunciation of Indian proper names may find the frequent recurrence a stumbling block as he reads; but the rapidity of the narrative, the exciting incidents of strife and peril which give it life and animation, and the exquisite beauty of the descriptive passages must fascinate the mind of every class of readers, while the more refined taste will dwell with delight on the lovely images and poetic ideas with which the verse is thickly studded."

Thus speaks Duyckinck's "Literary World" published some years ago.

"When Europeans first penetrated the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, they found a confederacy of Red men, who, by the power of *union*, bore sway over all the surrounding tribes. The Ho-de-no-son-ne, once consisting of *nine* united nations, for a time, according to Algonquin tradition, were known as the Eight Tribes. At the period of the Dutch discovery, they called themselves the Five Nations, *Akonoshioni*; or, as more correctly written, Ho-de-no-son-ne. Ordinarily, when speaking of themselves, they used the term *Ongwe Honwee*, a generic word, equivalent to *Indian*, and which

applied to the whole red race, just as we, appropriating the name of the continent, call ourselves Americans. Subsequently, and within our written history, another tribe, the Tuskaroras, was adopted into the Union, and the confederacy became known as the Six Nations. The polity which regulated these United Red Men is hardly known. So far as ascertained, the number of tribes might be increased or diminished, according to circumstances. The power of war and peace was given up by each member of the Confederacy: votes were given by tribes. The singular bond of the *totem*, or family name and device, ran through all the nations, Algonquins as well as Iroquois. It bore some analogy to coats of arms. Descent was by the female side. The son of a chief could not succeed him. His brother, or, in default of a brother, the male child of his daughter, was the heir-apparent; and his claims were submitted to a council for approval, without which he was not inducted into office. Married women among them retained their name or *totem*, as well as their property. Matrons might take part in council. There were Council Fires or Deliberative Assemblies in each tribe, and a Grand Council of the Confederacy made up of delegates from the *tribes* composing it, as our Senate consists of representatives of the States. Over all presided the *Atotarho* or "Convener of the Council;" an office, in some respects, not unlike that of President of our Republic. This system was democratic in practice. The independence of the individual tribes was jealously guarded. All warriors were volunteers, without pay or resource from the public. The people were trained to war as the business of life. Hunting was merely foraging. 'The thirst for glory,' says Mr. Schoolcraft, 'the strife for personal distinction filled their ranks, and led them through desert paths to the St. Lawrence, the Illinois, the Atlantic seaboard, and the southern Alleghanies. They conquered wherever they went. They subdued nations in their immediate vicinity. They exterminated others. They adopted the fragments of subjugated tribes into their confederacy, sank the national homes of the conquered into oblivion, and thus repaired the losses of war.'

"Of the great deeds of this noble race sings our poet. Mr. Street has, in Frontenac, attempted only the metrical romance, and a capital one he has written.

He has been most happy in the choice of his subject.

"Street has a peculiar power to see, and to describe in words and rhythm, visible nature. He paints to the eye of mind as Cole and Durand paint to the bodily sight, the woods and waters, the sunny glades and solemn caverns, the distant landscape, and the group just by. Besides, like Cole and Durand, his heart adores his *native* land. He studies and loves our America. His images, his heroes, his similes, his story, all are American; and therefore I love him, and want to make you and all true readers of native books, love him too. Even as the bold leaguers, whose successors we are, painted on some barked tree or whitened doeskin, the brave deeds of their sires and comrades, and by their Ho-no-we-na-to, or hereditary Keeper of the Records, kept alive perpetual tradition from father to son, so has the author of Frontenac recorded one chapter of the history of the 'United People,' and married it to verse, which I would fain wish immortal. I hail this pale-faced Ho-no-we-na-to, who has filled his mind with the lore of the Iroquois, and whose diction might have been the utterance of a Ho-de-noson-ne soul. Hear him:

As Thurenserah viewed the lovely sky,
It looked, to his wild fancy-shaping eye,
Like holy HAH-WEN-NE-YO'S* bosom bright
With his thick-crowded deeds, one glow of
light —

And his rich belt of wampum broadly bound
White as his pure and mighty thoughts, around.

"What an image! The broad expanse of starry sky, belted with constellations, to the untutored Indian's mind, suggested the broad chest of the mighty brave, whose thick-crowded deeds could scarce find room to be emblazoned there in glory. The milky way was the rich belt of wampum, white as *His* pure thoughts.

"Again: the ATOTARHO is appealing to his warriors, who, overawed by the accounts they receive of the Frenchman's artillery, hesitate to resist: —

Have you forgot that here is burning

The pure Ho-de-no-son-ne fire?

Rather than, from its splendor turning,

Leave it to Yon-non-de-yoh's spurning,

Around it, glad, should all expire!

See! its smoke streams before your eye

Like HAH-WEN-NE-YOH'S scalp-lock high!

"The Atotarho, Thurenserah (*Anglice*,

* God.

'The Dawn of Day'), the hero of the romance, is a heroine — LUCILLE, the daughter of Sa-ha-wee, Priestess of the Sacred Fire of the Onondagas, who had been carried a captive to France, and wedded there Frontenac; this Lucille becomes Atotarho of the Iroquois, and after performing all chivalrous and gallant acts, according to Indian warfare, at last overcome, is about to be burnt at the stake with Indian torments, a prisoner. The sacred fane has been destroyed and the fire gone out, when her sex is discovered, and her mother avows herself in the priestess, and the wife of the conqueror, the long-lost and long-renowned *Sa-ha-wee*. Here we have the romance. The interest of the story is well sustained, and the improbabilities are so artfully carried out, of our modern notions of what would be likely, into olden Ho-de-no-sonne days, that no one but an Iroquois has any right to say aught against them. The versification is varied; not always perfect, nor even carefully conducted — but full of substance, needing the *file*, yet worthy of that toil which, in another edition, the rhyme-builders ought to bestow.

"As for instance: —

Now by smooth banks, where, stretched beneath the shade

The Indian Hunter gazed with curious eye,
Now catching glimpses of some grassy glade,
Rich with the sunshine of the open sky;
Now by the vista of some creek, where stood
The moose mid-leg, and tossing high his crown

Hazy with gnats, and *vanishing* in the wood,
Waking to showers of white the shallows brown.

Thus on they passed by day.

Alter the words italicized into *he vanished*, and both sound and sense are improved, for it was the moose and not the gnats that vanished. Now you see how hard I have striven to find fault, and after all my quotation draws a picture beautiful as Durand can paint. The word-pictures of Street are marvels. Listen — he is looking over the battlements of Quebec.

The lower city's chimneys rose

Along the marge in long array,
Whilst, in its calm and smooth repose

Like air the broad curved river lay.
A brigantine was creeping round,
With its one sail, Cape Diamond's bound;
By Orleans' Island a bateau
Was like a lazy spider, slow
Crawling. The boatmen, spots of red,
Pushing their poles of glimmering thread.

"But here is a graver strain: —

LIVING AGE. VOL. VII. 316

HYMN TO THE DEITY. — AN IROQUOIS HYMN.

Mighty, mighty HAH-WEN-NE-YO, spirit pure
and mighty, hear us!

We thine own Ho-de-no-son-ne, wilt thou be
forever near us,

Keep the sacred flame still burning! guide
our chase, our planting cherish!

Make our warriors' hearts yet taller! let our
foes before us perish!

Kindly watch our waving harvests! Make
each Sachem's wisdom deeper!

Of our old men, of our women, of our children
be the keeper!

Mighty, holy Hah-wen-ne-yo! Spirit pure
and mighty, hear us —

We thine own Ho-do-no-son-ne, wilt thou be
forever near us!

Yah-hah! forever near us! Wilt thou be
ever near us!

"A single stanza from the description of
Cayuga Lake:

Sweet sylvan lake! beside thee now,

Villages point their spires to Heaven,
Rich meadows wave, broad grain-fields bow,

The axe resounds, the plough is driven;
Down verdant points come herds to drink, —

Flocks strew, like spots of snow, thy brink;
The frequent farm-house meets the sight,

'Mid falling harvests scythes are bright,
The watch dog's bark comes faint from far,

Shakes on the ear the saw-mill's jar;

The steamer, like a darting bird,

Parts the rich emerald of thy wave,
And the gay song and laugh are heard —

But all is o'er the Indian's grave.

Pause, white man! check thy onward stride!

Cease o'er the flood thy prow to guide!

Until is given one sigh sincere

For those who once were monarchs here,

And prayer is made, beseeching God

To spare us his avenging rod

For all the wrongs upon the head

Of the poor helpless savage shed;

Who, strong when we were weak, did not

Trample us down upon the spot,

But weak when we were strong, were cast

Like leaves upon the rushing blast."

The following is from "The Albion."

"There is something in a name, and
Mr. Street has chosen one that has this
recommendation. It is peculiar and yet
euphonious, begetting some curiosity in
those not well read in Canadian story to
learn who or what Frontenac might be.

"The scenes are laid in the castle and
city of Quebec; in the deep forests of
the then uncleared wilderness, and on
the waters of the Canadian rivers and
lakes; these afford ample scope for de-
scription, which is evidently Mr. Street's
forte. The poem contains not fewer
than seven thousand lines, mainly in the
octosyllabic metre, but pleasingly varied.

"Mr. Street must surely have made per-

sonal acquaintance with that most picturesque city, Quebec, for he writes of it with much unction.

In the rich pomp of dying day,
Quebec, the rock-throned monarch,
glowed—

Castle and spire and dwelling gray,
The batteries rude that niched their way
Along the cliff, beneath the play
Of the deep yellow light, were gay,
And the curved flood below that lay

In flashing glory flowed ;
Beyond, the sweet and mellow smile
Beamed upon Orleans' lovely isle ;

Until the downward view
Was closed by mountain-tops that, reared
Against the burnished sky, appeared
In misty, dreamy hue.

Reared on the cliff, at the very brink
Whence a pebble dropped would sink
Fourscore feet to the slope below,
The Castle of St. Louis caught
Dancing hues of delicate pink,
With which the clouds o'erhead were
fraught

From the rich sunset's streaming glow.

"The funeral of Frontenac takes place in the Recollets' Church, and the concluding passage entitled 'Mass for the dead' is extremely musical.

Sunset again o'er Quebec
Spread like a gorgeous pall ;
Again does its rich, glowing loveliness deck
River, and castle, and wall.
Follows the twilight haze,
And now the star-gemmed night ;
And out bursts the Recollets' Church in a
blaze

Of glittering, spangling light.
Crowds in the spacious pile
Are thronging the aisles and nave
With soldiers from altar to porch, in file
All motionless, mute and grave.

Censers are swinging around,
Wax-lights are shedding their glare,
And, rolling majestic its volume of sound,
The organ oppresses the air.

The saint within its niche,
Pillar and picture and cross,
And the roof in its soaring and stately pitch,
Are gleaming in golden gloss.

The chorister's sorrowing strain
Sounds shrill as the winter breeze,
Then low and soothing, as when complain
Soft airs in the summer trees.

The taper-starred altar before,
Deep mantled with mourning black,
With sabre and plume on the pall spread
o'er,

Is the coffin of Frontenac.
Around it the nobles are bowed,
And near are the guards in their grief,
While the sweet-breathing incense is wreath-
ing its cloud

Over the motionless chief.

But the organ and singers have ceased,
Leaving a void in air,
And the long-drawn chant of the blazoned
priest
Rises in suppliancè there.
Again the deep organ shakes
The walls with its mighty tone,
And through it again the sweet melody
breaks
Like a sorrowful spirit's moan.

"The author is an observer and must be a lover of Nature. How condensed and striking, is the following description of the *bursting forth* of a Canadian Spring.

'Twas May ! the Spring, with magic bloom,
Leaped up from Winter's frozen tomb.
Day lit the river's icy mail ;

The bland, warm rain at evening sank ;
Ice fragments dashed in midnight's gale ;
The moose at morn the ripples drank.

The yacht, that stood with naked mast
In the locked shallows motionless
When sunset fell, went curtsying past
As breathed the morning's light caress.

"Are not the above lines excellent ?
The four that we have italicized contain a volume of suggestions, and are alone sufficient to stamp Mr. Street a man of genius.

"If Edwin Landseer desired to paint the portrait of a moose deer, could he find any more graphic sketch than the following ?

'Twas one of June's delicious eves ;
Sweetly the sunset rays were streaming,
Here, tangled in the forest leaves,
There on the Cataragin * gleaming.
A broad glade lay beside the flood
Where tall dropped trees and bushes stood.
A cove its semi-circle bent
Within, and through the sylvan space,
Where lay the light in splintered trace,
A moose, slow grazing, went ;
Twisting his long, curved, flexile lip
Now the striped moose-wood's leaves to strip,
And now his maned neck, short and strong,
Stooping, between his fore-limbs long,
Stretched widely out, to crop the plant
And tall, rich grass that clothed the haunt.
On moved he to the basin's edge,
Moving the sword-flag, rush, and sedge,
And, wading short way from the shore,
Where spread the water-lilies o'er
A pavement green with globes of gold,
Commenced his favourite feast to hold.

So still the scene—the river's lapse
Along its course gave hollow sound,
With some raised wavelet's lazy slaps
On log and stone around ;
And the crisp noise the moose's cropping
Made, with the water lightly dropping

* Iroquois name for the River St. Lawrence.

From some lithe, speckled lily stem
 Entangled in his antlers wide,
 Thus scattering many a sparkling gem
 Within the gold-cups at his side.
 Sudden he raised his head on high,
 Spread his great nostrils, fixed his eye,
 Reared half his giant ear-flaps, stood,
 Between his teeth a half-chewed root,
 And sidelong on the neighbouring wood
 Made startled glances shoot.
 Resuming then his stem, once more,
 He bent, as from suspicion free,
 His bearded throat the lilies o'er,
 And cropped them quietly.

"Another extract.

The summer sun was sinking bright
 Behind the woods of Isle Perrot;
 Back, Lake St. Louis gleamed the light
 In rich and mingled glow;
 The slanting radiance at Lachine
 Shone on an animated scene.
 Beside the beach upon the swell
 Scores of canoes were lightly dancing,
 With many a long bateau, where fell
 The sun on pole and drag-ropes glancing.
 Throngs were upon the gravelly beach,
 Bustling with haste, and loud in speech;
 Some were placing in rocking bateaus
 Cannon and mortars and piles of grenades;
 Some were refitting their arrows and bows,
 Others were scanning their muskets and
 blades;
 Some were kindling their bivouac fire;
 Others were blending
 Their voices in song;
 While others, contending
 With utterance strong,
 Scarce kept from blows in their reckless ire."

In a Dutch work entitled "*De Kerk School en Witschap in de Vereenigde Staten Van Nord-Amerika*," by D. Buddingh, a distinguished scholar and antiquarian of the Netherlands, is the following, translated by Mr. E. B. O'Callaghan.

"We here pass by the poets James G. Percival, J. G. C. Brainard, John Pierpont, Willis and others, in order to make close acquaintance with the poets Alfred B. Street, and Henry W. Longfellow, already named above by us as the Minstrel of the Night."

After a biography of Mr. Street, in which Mr. Buddingh remarks, "His reputation as a poet even extended to England, when he, in 1846, published a volume in large octavo in New York, in which were 'The Lost Hunter,' and his wood-picture, 'The Gray Forest Eagle,' surpassing his descriptions of the Seasons (which remind us of Thomson), and his Indian Legends.

"Street's great merit as a poet consists in his rare gift of nature-painting. Passing by the earlier poem, 'American

Forest Spring,' we select as an instance of his nature-painting, his 'Forest Walk.' We have not space here for any other than this poem of Street whose love for Nature made him her original and striking delineator."

In a large, closely printed, double-column octavo volume entitled, "*Bildersaal der Welt Literatur, von Dr. Johannes Scherr*," embracing a selection of translations by various writers, from the poets of the Indian, Chinese, Hebrew, Arabian, Persian, and Turkish; Greek and Roman; Provençal, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French, English, Scotch, German and Dutch, Icelandic, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish; Bohemian, Servian, Polish and Russian; Hungarian and Romaic, America is represented. We have Percival's "Eagle," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Longfellow's "Excelsior," Street's "Settler," Irving's "Falls of the Passaic," and Drake's "American Flag."

Philarette Chasles, late Professor in the College of France, and one of the most distinguished French authors and critics, in his "Anglo-American Literature and Manners," and in a chapter, "Of some Anglo-American Poets," speaks thus:

"The only names which we can single out from this forest of versifiers are Street, Halleck, Bryant, Longfellow, and Emerson."

The following notice occurs in the "Hand-Book of American Literature," published by W. & R. Chambers, London and Edinburgh. "Alfred B. Street has published descriptive poems highly commended for their graphic power. In *Frontenac*, a tale of the Iroquois, the author has added a narrative interest to his descriptive passages, of which several are clearly written with picturesque effect."

In Vapereau's "Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains," published at Paris, in Mr. Street's biography, M. Vapereau in speaking of his works remarks, "Where is found an undeniable power of description, a vivid appreciation of nature, and a manner of thought entirely American."

In "The Poets and Poetry of America," Mr. Griswold says, "Mr. Street describes with remarkable fidelity and minuteness, and while reading his poems one may easily fancy himself in the forest, on the open plain, or by the side of the shining river."

In "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors" it is said of Mr. Street, "In 1843-44 (succeeding General John A. Dix,) he

was the editor of 'The Northern Light.' Perhaps it would be correct to say that his rank among American poets is the same as that generally assigned to Dryden among English poets."

In "The Crayon," an art journal, is found the following:

"The soft brown moss, in which the vivid green of the new shoots comes like spangles, is more grateful to the feet than the clay of the road, and so I penetrate the grove.

Here sprouts the fresh young wintergreen,
There swells a mossy mound;
Though in the hollows drifts are piled
The wandering wind is sweet and mild,
And buds are bursting round.

Where its long rings unwinds the fern,
The violet, nestling low,
Casts back the white lid of its urn
Its purple streaks to show.

Amid the creeping-pine which spreads
Its thick and verdant wreath,
The scauberry's downy spangle sheds
Its rich, delicious breath.

(Street's 'American Forest Spring.')

That was in Street's locality.

"Also the poets know what an increase of effect they gain in describing the motion of such objects by applying a humanizing verb, as, for example, in Shakespeare:

But look! The morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

"As vivid as the bolt itself, is this in Byron.

From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder.

"And in the epithet used by Street there is a close approximation to the effect of a rain-cloud traversing the fields.

And in its vapory mantle onward steps
The summer shower."

Also, in another article.

"Our American Street has plied his pencil-pen upon (winter) scenes with admirable care for detail. We can select but one or two sturdy bits.

Yon rustic bridge
Bristles with icicles; beneath it stand
The cattle-group long pausing while they drink
From the ice-hollowed pools, that skim in sheets
Of delicate glass, and shivering as the air
Cuts with keen stinging edge;

"Take another.

The morning rises up
And lo, the dazzling picture! every tree

Seems carved from steel, the silent hills are
helmed

And the broad fields have breastplates. Over
all

The sunshine flashes in a keen, white blaze
Of splendor searing eye-sight. Go abroad!
The branches yield crisp cracklings, now and
then

Sending a shower of rattling diamonds down
On the mailed earth, as freshens the light wind.
The hemlock is a stooping bower of ice,
And the oak seems as if a fairy's wand
Away had swept its skeleton frame, and placed
A polished structure trembling o'er with tints
Of rainbow beauty there. But soon the sun
Melts the enchantments like a charm away.

"We hold that Thomson, in as many lines, never wrote so many apt expressions of natural effects."

"The Crayon" also published three essays on "The Landscape Element in American Poetry," assigning to Bryant, Street, and Lowell in each essay, their place as the exponent and representative of this distinctive school of our literature. Extended specimens are given of their poetry, bringing out their picturesque qualities and pictorial beauties.

Mr. Street has delivered manifold poems before the literary societies of the Colleges of New York and elsewhere, Geneva, Yale, Union, Hamilton, &c.; is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, of Cambridge Art Union, and has received the distinction of an honorary membership of the Literary Society of Nuremberg, the "*Literarische Verein*," of which Mr. Longfellow is likewise a recipient.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE'S SON-IN-LAW.

A STUDY OF OLD STRATFORD.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON in the seventeenth century must have presented a very perfect type of the small midland towns which ranked in size and importance between the villages and the larger boroughs. Grouped about a fair and stately church and an old Guild-house were three or four streets of low, half-timber houses, sparingly intermixed with a few of larger size, such as the College where Combe lived, and the ever memorable New Place, envired by well-wooded gardens and gently sloping towards the river, which then, as to-day, crept lazily through the many arches of the old bridge, now "making sweet music to the enamelled stones" of the shallows,

now heavy and stagnant in the deep pools under the shadow of the elms and willows. Imagine this, with a foreground of rich meadow land, dank and moist as Cuyp's river banks, streaked with tall hedgerows and backed by the undulating banks, which do duty for hills in this part of England, and you have a picture of Stratford as it must have appeared in the time of Shakespeare. The fertility of this middle-most valley of England is unrivalled. Dry and matter-of-fact Speed, who knew the district well, and was a frequent visitor at Warwick, hard by, is almost betrayed into poetry when he comes to describe "the meandering pastures, with their green mantles so embroidered with flowers, that from Edgehill we behold another Eden." In our day, Hugh Miller, rambling by the Avon on a hot day in June, descants with enthusiasm upon the rich aquatic vegetation, and declares that he had seen nothing in living nature which so well enabled him to realize the luxuriant semi-tropical life of the period of the coal-measures. But the beauty of the landscape is very treacherous. Built or bordering upon low alluvial soil, near the point where the great red sandstone district of central England begins to be overlaid by the lias, the town is very liable to floods, which year after year leave behind them a plentiful crop of fevers and agues. In the autumn months it often happens that the quiet little river, swollen by hundreds of tiny confluent from the high grounds, spreads itself along the valley into the semblance of a huge mere, and the scene from Stratford Bridge is

A flat malarial world of reed and rush.

The whole neighbourhood was formerly very unhealthy. If we may depend upon the entries of burials in the parish register, the death rate during the last twenty-five years of the sixteenth century must have greatly exceeded that of a modern manufacturing town; and in the very year of Shakespeare's birth, the plague is estimated to have carried off one-seventh of the inhabitants. Even in these days of improved drainage the rate is high. Out of one hundred and eighty-eight deaths from natural causes in 1868, sixty-six were registered as caused by zymotic diseases. The neighbourhood of Stratford has always given employment to a number of doctors, and in the time of Elizabeth there is reason to believe that this little town or its immedi-

ate vicinity possessed two physicians, besides several apothecaries, and a number of the irregular practitioners who always abound in aguish districts. During the first quarter of the seventeenth century the most noted of the Stratford doctors was John Hall, who had the luck to immortalize his name by marrying the eldest daughter of Shakespeare. The register of Stratford, under the date of 1607, has the following entry among the marriages:

John Hall, gentleman, and Susanna Shaxpere.

This is the first, and well-nigh the only contemporary notice of Hall. Who he was, and whence he came, the reasons which induced him to settle at Stratford, and, indeed, almost everything connected with his personal history, are all hidden in that singular obscurity which seems to envelop all the surroundings of Shakespeare. With the exception of a few brief notices in the Corporation Records relating to his holding the office of Bailiff, we hear nothing more of him until after his death, when one of his many manuscript case-books came into the hands of Dr. Cooke, of Warwick, who translated it from the professional Latin, and published it in 1659 under the title of *Select Observations upon English Bodies of Eminent Persons in Desperate Diseases*. This singular book, little known and strangely neglected, is of great interest to investigators of Shakespeare's life and times. Nearly all the "eminent English bodies," of whose patching up and physicking it is the record, were those of Shakespeare's friends and neighbour's, and it is the only source from which we may get a glimpse, however slight, of the people among whom his last years were spent. To these last days, indeed, these doleful pages are in some sort the epilogue, for we find here most of the friends and contemporaries of his youth in the sere and yellow leaf journeying peacefully, but for the most part painfully, to the grave, under the pilotage of Dr. Hall. Among his patients we have "Mrs. Hall, of Stratford (my wife), being miserably tormented with the cholick;" Elizabeth Hall ("my only daughter, vexed with tortura oris"); Mrs. Green (most likely the wife of the Town Clerk, who was a relative of the poet); Mrs. Combe (the wife of the Combe to whom Shakespeare left his sword); Mrs. Sadler (his early friend, and god-mother of his daughter Judith); Esquire Underhill (perhaps the former proprietor of New

Place), who in these days was miserably tormented by the "running gout," as became an aged justice; and Alderman Tyler, the person whose name was erased from the will, treated for a thoroughly aldermanic complaint, "exceeding heat of tongue." A Mrs. Nash also, probably the wife of Shakespeare's friend, and mother of the Nash who married Hall's daughter, appears in these pages, and several other members of the Combe and Underhill families. The book is nothing more than an ordinary case-book of the period; but in the word or two descriptive of the individual which Hall affixes to each case we are often able to discover the bent of his own mind, and in some measure to reconstruct the society of the neighbourhood. There is abundant evidence that his practice lay amongst the best families of the district, and he was often sent for to attend patients living at a great distance. At Compton Wyniaties he was in frequent attendance upon the Marquis of Northampton, and even attended him when residing at Ludlow as Warden of the Welsh Marches. At Warwick his principal patients were "Baronet Puckering," son of Elizabeth's Speaker, of the same name, "very learned, much given to study, of a rare and lean constitution, yet withal phlegmatic," and Lord Brook, the famous friend of Sir Philip Sydney, who appears to have been a confirmed invalid during his latter years of retirement at Warwick. At Clifford, near Stratford, lived the Rainsfords, who are frequently mentioned in this book, notably "my lady Rainsford, beautiful, and of a gallant structure of body." There can be little doubt that Shakespeare would be a frequenter of this house, as Sir Henry Rainsford is said by Aubrey to have been a great friend to poetry and poets. Drayton mentions in one of his letters to Drummond of Hawthornden, that he is accustomed to spend three months of every summer at Clifford, and again alludes to it in the *Polyolbion* as —

... dear Clifford's seat, the place of health
and sport,
Which many a time hath been the muse's
quiet port.

Another patient of great consideration with Hall was Esquire Beaufou, of Guy's Cliff, "whose name I have always cause to honour." His worst illness was caused by "eating great quantity of cream at the end of his supper, about the age of seventy." His wife, the Lady

Beaufou, was "godly and honest, being of a noble extract." At Walcot, in Oxfordshire, he had a good patient in Lady Jenkinson, who was probably the widow of the Sir Anthony Jenkinson who was twice sent by Elizabeth as ambassador to Russia. Other patients residing in or near Stratford were Mrs. Harvey, "very religious;" the Lady Johnson, "fair, pious, chaste;" Mr. Drayton, "an excellent poet," treated for a tertian, and dosed with a pleasant mixture, which "wrought both upwards and downwards;" Mistress Woodward, "a maid, very witty and well-bred, yet gibbous;" Mr. Fortescue, "catholic, a great drinker, of a very good habit of body, sanguine, very fat;" Mr. Trap, the Puritan curate of Stratford, "for his piety and learning second to none."

The case of George Quiney is one of the most interesting in the book. He was the son of Shakespeare's old friend Richard, the writer of the one extant letter addressed to Shakespeare (asking for the loan of "xxlb."), and the brother of Thomas, who married the poet's second daughter. In 1624 he was curate of Stratford, and became Dr. Hall's patient for "grievous cough and gentle fever, being very weak"—in other words, he appears to have been in the last stage of a galloping consumption. The medical men of our day let us off with a few doses *per diem*, and a pill or a potion at night, but in Quiney's time the doctor was a tyrant from whom no hour, or even meal, was free. This unhappy young man was physicked indeed. In the morning he took a warm emulsion fasting; followed after breakfast by a hydromel, and at night by another emulsion and pills. At dinner they put saffron into his sauce, "because profitable for the brest," and musk into his wine, "to corroborate the heart." His head was shaved, and an "emplaster" of twenty-eight ingredients applied to it; and besides all this, he was dosed with small messes of myrrh and tragacanth made into a paste and taken "lying on the back, to the end it may dissolve itself." Under this treatment the patient ultimately died, and Hall dismisses him with the remark that "he was a man of good wit, expert in tongues, and very learned," which proves at any rate that there was one man of culture amongst the Stratford townsmen. From this specimen it will be seen that our doctor's practice was of the heroic type. Nature, according to his theory, was not a friend

to be gently entreated and coaxed, but an enemy to be fiercely wrestled with and conquered. In common with most practitioners of his time, he had some very nasty and coarse medicines. He often gave "juyce of goose-dung" and frog-spawn water as tonics, and one of his favourite cataplasms was, "R., a swallow's nest, straw, sticks, dung, and all." Powdered human skull and even human fat are strongly recommended, and he frequently prescribes a restorative made from snails and earth-worms. Medicine at this period was in a state of transition, and the old remedies, based for the most part upon the doctrine of sympathies and correspondences, still held their own against the new and better practice which acknowledged no authority but experiment and observation. In turning over the pages of this book we cannot fail to be struck by the great prevalence of fevers and agues. Many varieties are mentioned by Hall, such as "the malign spotted fever," "erratic fever," the "ungaric fever," the "new fever," and tertians and quotidianas of many kinds; and as a result of these, probably, we continually meet with cases of "hypochondriac melancholy." If the cases in this book are to be taken as fairly representative, it follows that the popular ideal of the land of Shakespeare must be considerably modified. Stratford was no bucolic paradise of red-faced yokels, but a town of lean and melancholy invalids: a very nursery of Hamlets, Timons, and Jacques', scarcely ever free from —

... burning fevers, agues pale and faint;
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood;
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd
despair.

It is, perhaps, worth notice that no great poet has so frequently employed images derived from these diseases. The physicist of the future who, upon some advanced stage of Mr. Buckle's thesis, will expound to our grandsons the various causes which led up to that most wonderful of all phenomena, SHAKESPEARE, will no doubt have much to say about the influence of locality in producing the morbid melancholy which, in place and out of place, seems to pervade every page of his writings. There is little doubt that Hall would be Shakespeare's attendant during his last illness, although we have no account of it in this book, the entries in which unfortunately do not commence till 1617, the year after his death, although it is by no means cer-

tain that Shakespeare's case would have been given, as the doctor is very chary of recording his failures. But who was Shakespeare's apothecary or surgeon? A pocket-book of Hall's is said to have once been in the possession of Malone, in which there was a statement that his name was Nason, but in another place corrected to Court. Now among Hall's patients we find both "John Nason of Stratford, Barber," and "Mrs. Grace Court, wife to my apothecary." In those days the lancet had scarcely been divorced from the razor, so probably both names are correct, Court being the apothecary, and Nason acting as surgeon or blood-letter. We are told by Ward, afterwards Vicar of Stratford, and also at the same time practising as a physician — a not uncommon conjunction of offices in the seventeenth century — that Shakespeare died of a fever, contracted at a merry meeting with his friends Drayton and Ben Jonson.* In that year (1616) we find from the entries in the Parish Register that the fever was unusually active in Stratford, and it is probable, therefore, that we may acquit the feasting of any share in the poet's death. In the autumn of 1632 the fever again became terribly busy, in Hall's words, "killing almost all that it did infect," and the doctor himself nearly fell a victim to it. From the way in which his disorder was treated, in the first instance by himself, and afterwards, as he grew worse, by a friendly physician from Warwick — and which was, in fact, the routine practice of the period — we may gather a pretty accurate idea of the last hours in this world of that bright but saddened and world-worn spirit — inhabiter of that most eminent of all "eminent English bodies," which seventeen years before had lain burning and tossing in the same house, probably in the same room. The battle commenced in the usual manner, by bleeding: "8 oz. from the liver-vein;" and was followed up by active cathartics. Afterwards, at frequent intervals, they gave him a strong decoction of hartshorn, the effects of which naturally made him, as he says, "much macerated and weakened, so that I could not turn myself in bed;" and between the doses of hartshorn he took an electuary, of which the principal ingredient was the famous powder of gems, then much in vogue, and

* *Diary of the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon.* Edited by Severn. London, 1839. Dr. Ward, like Hall, left behind him a number of MS. case-books.

composed of jacinths, smardines, rubies, leaf-gold, and red coral. At night he swallowed potions of diascordium and syrup of poppies, and in the morning more cathartics to drive away the little life still left. The heart gradually sinking, a plaster of musk and aromatics was applied to the breast; and then, the poor weakened brain wandering, and the troubled spirit ready to pass the threshold, a pigeon was cut open, and its raw flesh applied warm to the soles of his feet, in the expectation that the vital magnetism of the bird would draw away the humours from the head. And then! In Shakespeare's case, we know how it ended; but Dr. Hall, who must have had the constitution of a horse, recovered.

The book entirely corroborates the well-known and persistent Stratford tradition that the immediate descendants of Shakespeare were Puritans, and therefore inclined to hold the writings of their illustrious relative in little respect. Dr. Hall was certainly a Puritan of a very pronounced type. The word "bodies" upon his title-page seems to imply a reservation as to souls which savours of this school, and the book abounds in the pious phrases which at that time were certain shibboleths of the sect. Cooke, the editor, tells us that "he was in great fame for his skill far and near; and this I take to be a great sign of his ability, that such who spare not for cost, and they who have more than ordinary understanding, nay, such as hated him for his religion, often made use of him." When Dowdall visited Stratford in 1693, the earliest pilgrim who has left an account of his visit, he made friends with the parish clerk, who was then upwards of eighty years old. While viewing the church, the old man pointed to Shakespeare's tomb, and said emphatically, "He was the best of his family"! This has always seemed to us the most expressive testimony, and, from the old town gossip's point of view, speaks volumes, plainly telling of a bright period of generous living at the New Place, too soon followed by a time of darkness, when cakes and ale were not.

John Hall died in November 1635. By his nuncupative will, made on the day of his death, he left his "study of books"—and amongst these, unless they had undergone a similar sifting to that bestowed upon Don Quixote's, would be the priceless Shakespeare Library—to his son-in-law Nash, "to dispose of them as you see good," and, in striking contrast

to the indifference displayed by his great father-in-law, exhibits a laudable anxiety for his literary progeny. "As for my manuscripts, I would have given them to Mr. Boles if he had been here, but forasmuch as he is not here present, you may, son Nash, burn them or do with them what you please." Such is the wondrous diversity of human nature, *Macbeth* and *Othello* are dismissed without a word to the tender mercies of ignorant players, and still more ignorant printers, or, for the matter of that, to the chances of utter oblivion; but Dr. Hall upon his bed of death, is troubled about his poor little case-books. The way in which the present book came to be published is detailed by Cooke in an address to the reader prefixed to the first edition, but omitted in the succeeding impressions. At the beginning of the Civil Wars, probably in 1642, Cooke, then quite a young man, was acting as surgeon to the Roundhead troop who were keeping the bridge at Stratford, and quartered with him was "a mate allied to the gentleman who wrote the observations." This young man invited Cooke to New Place to see the books left by Dr. Hall. Mrs. Hall showed him the books, and then said "she had some [other] books left by one that professed physic with her husband, for some money. I told her that if I liked them I would give her the money again." Mrs. Hall then "brought them forth, amongst which there was this, with another of the author's, both intended for the press. I being acquainted with Mr. Hall's hand, told her that one or two of them were her husband's, and showed them to her. She denied, I affirmed, till I perceived she began to be offended, and at last I returned her the money." This is the only scrap of intelligence, save the inscription upon her monument, which time has left us about Shakespeare's daughter, and it must be allowed that it does not show her in a pleasant light. Mistress Hall was certainly wise in a worldly sense, as well as "wise to salvation." We may, perhaps, however, derive from the incident a consolatory inference. The tradition mongers have always delighted to rack our imagination with visions of the burning of Shakespeare's manuscripts at the hands of a Puritanic and unsympathetic kindred. The fair bargainer of the above scene was not the woman to dispose of her father's manuscripts—if there were any—without a proper consideration, and the probability seems to be that Heminge and Condell would get them all.

But we must not be led into doing injustice to Mrs. Hall. It is quite possible that Cooke may have been mistaken in the inference which he evidently intends us to draw. We know that it is quite possible for even the largest-hearted and most sympathetic of women to be a dead hand at a bargain, and after all there is no crime in desiring to change a number of musty little manuscripts into current coin of the realm. Mrs. Hall's tombstone in Stratford Church asks us —

To weepe with her that wept with all
That wept, yet set herself to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall ;

which could hardly have been said of a narrow-minded woman.

We have endeavoured in vain to discover some trace of Hall's parentage or extraction. His name does not occur upon the Register of the College of Physicians, or upon those of the Universities, and, as Cooke tells us that he was a good French scholar and had travelled, it is probable that his degree was from Leyden or Paris. There was a John Hall who practised at Maidstone about 1565, and published a translation of Lanfranc's famous *Ars Chirurgica*. This Hall also published some poetry of a religious cast, and was a very decided Puritan. Is it possible that our Dr. Hall could have been a son or nephew of his? There is certainly a curious intellectual relationship in the style of the two men.

It is amusing, how the real state of affairs at Stratford, during the last years of Shakespeare's life, differed from that which has been pictured for us by the sentimental biographers who have surrounded the poet in his retirement with troops of admiring worshippers. The truth seems to be that Stratford was a perfect hotbed of religious and domestic strife. The municipal government was in the hands of a narrow Puritan majority, who administered the local affairs in the spirit of a Scottish Kirk session, pretending to a strict control over the personal morals of the inhabitants. In 1602 we learn from the town records, published from the originals by Mr. Halliwell, that amongst other attempts at reformation they passed a resolution that "no plays should be played in the chamber," and that any of the council who shall "give leave or license thereto" should forfeit ten shillings; and again in 1612, when their illustrious townsman was in the very zenith of his fame, they repeated the resolution in still stronger

terms, with an exordium on "the inconveniences of plays being very seriously considered of, and their unlawfulness," and increasing the penalty to ten pounds. Stratford also in those days was greatly troubled and excited about the enclosures. Combe and Mannering, two of the largest landowners, wished to enclose a part of the common-field, and the small owners and the townsmen generally, having probably certain rights at stake, resisted vigorously. A portion of Shakespeare's estate would be injuriously affected by the change; and almost the only morsel of information left to us about his private life, except the will and the legal documents relating to his property, has reference to this agitation. It is a memorandum in the handwriting of the Town Clerk, to the effect that "Mr. Shakespeare told Mr. J. Greene that he was not able to beare the enclosing of Welcombe," and is dated September 1, 1615, a few months only before his death. In the same year an application to restrain the enclosers was made to Lord Chief Justice Coke, at Warwick Assizes, and some idea of the temper of the townsmen may be obtained from the order of the Court, which censures Combe and his friends, and declares that the order is taken "for preventynge of tumults, whereof in this very towne of late, upon these occasions, there had been lyke to have been an evill begynninge of some great mischief."

This was Arcadian Stratford.

C. ELLIOT BROWNE.

From Chambers' Journal.

COLOUR IN ANIMALS.

THE variety of colouring in animal life is one of the marvels of nature, only now beginning to be studied scientifically. It is vain to say that an animal is beautiful, either in symmetry or diversity of colour, in order to please the human eye. Fishes in the depths of the Indian seas, where no human eye can see them, possess the most gorgeous tints. One thing is remarkable: birds, fishes, and insects alone possess the metallic colouring; whilst plants and zoophytes are without reflecting shades. The mollusca take a middle path with their hue of mother-of-pearl. What is the reason of these arrangements in the animal kingdom? It is a question which cannot be satisfactorily answered; but some observations

have been made which throw light on the subject. One is, that among animals, the part of the body turned towards the earth is always paler than that which is uppermost. The action of light is here apparent. Fishes which live on the side, as the sole and turbot, have the left side, which answers to the back, of a dark tint; whilst the other side is white. It may be noticed that birds which fly, as it were, bathed in light do not offer the strong contrast of tone between the upper and lower side. Beetles, wasps, and flies have the metallic colouring of blue and green, possess rings equally dark all round the body; and the wings of many butterflies are as beautifully feathered below as above.

On the other hand, mollusca which live in an almost closed shell, like the oyster, are nearly colourless; the larvæ of insects found in the ground or in wood have the same whiteness, as well as all intestinal worms shut up in obscurity. Some insects whose life is spent in darkness keep this appearance all their lives; such as the curious little beetles inhabiting the inaccessible crevasses of snowy mountains, in whose depths they are hidden. They seem to fly from light as from death, and are only found at certain seasons, when they crawl on the flooring of the caves like larvæ, without eyes, which would be useless in the retreats where they usually dwell.

This relation between colouring and light is very evident in the beings which inhabit the earth and the air; those are the most brilliant which are exposed to the sun; those of the tropics are brighter than in the regions around the North Pole, and the diurnal species than the nocturnal; but the same law does not apparently belong to the inhabitants of the sea, which are of a richer shade where the light is more tempered. The most dazzling corals are those which hang under the natural cornices of the rocks and on the sides of submarine grottoes; while some kinds of fish which are found on the shores as well as in depths requiring the drag-net, have a bright red purple in the latter regions, and an insignificant yellow brown in the former. Those who bring up gold-fish know well that to have them finely coloured, they must place them in a shaded vase, where aquatic plants hide them from the extreme solar heat. Under a hot July sun they lose their beauty.

The causes to which animal colouring is due are very various. Some living

substances have it in themselves, owing to molecular arrangement, but usually this is not the case; the liveliest colours are not bound up with the tissues. Sometimes they arise from a phenomenon like that by which the soap-bubble shews its prismatic hues; sometimes there is a special matter called pigment which is united with the organic substance. Such is the brilliant paint, carmine, which is the pigment of the cochineal insect, and the red colour of blood, which may be collected in crystals, separate from the other particles to which it is united.

Even the powder not unknown to ladies of fashion is one of Nature's beautifying means. That which is left on the hands of the ruthless boy when he has caught a butterfly, is a common instance; but there are birds, such as the large white cockatoo, which leave a white powder on the hands. An African traveller speaks of his astonishment on a rainy day to see his hands reddened by the moist plumage of a bird he had just killed. The most ordinary way, however, in which the pigment is found is when it exists in the depths of the tissues, reduced to very fine particles, best seen under the microscope. When scattered, they scarcely influence the shade; but when close together, they are very perceptible. This explains the colour of the negro: under the very delicate layer of skin which is raised by a slight burn there may be seen abundance of brown pigment in the black man. It is quite superficial, for the skin differs only from that of the European in tone; it wants the exquisite transparency of fair races. Among these, the colours which impress the eye do not come from a flat surface, but from the different depths of layers in the flesh. Hence the variety of rose and lily tints according as the blood circulates more or less freely; hence the blue veins, which give a false appearance, because the blood is red; but the skin thus dyes the deep tones which lie beneath it; tattooing with Indian ink is blue, blue eyes owe their shade to the brown pigment which lines the other side of the iris, and the muscles seen under the skin produce the bluish tone well known to painters.

The chemical nature of pigment is little known; the sun evidently favours its development in red patches. Age takes it away from the hair when it turns white, the colouring-matter giving place to very small air-bubbles. The brilliant white of feathers is due to the air which fills

them. Age, and domestic habits exchanged for a wild state, alter the appearance of many birds and animals; in some species the feathers and fur grow white every year before falling off and being renewed; as in the ermine, in spring the fur which is so valued assumes a yellow hue, and after a few months, becomes white before winter.

It would, however, be an error to suppose that all the exquisite metallic shades which diaper the feathers of birds and the wings of butterflies arise from pigments; it was a dream of the alchemists to try to extract them. Their sole cause is the play of light, fugitive as the sparkles of the diamond. When the beautiful feathers on the breast of a humming-bird are examined under the microscope, it is astonishing to see none of the shades the mystery of which you would penetrate. They are simply made of a dark-brown opaque substance not unlike those of a black duck. There is, however, a remarkable arrangement; the barb of the feather, instead of being a fringed stem, offers a series of small squares of horny substance placed point to point. These plates, of infinitesimal size, are extremely thin, brown, and, to all appearance, exactly alike, whatever may be the reflection they give. The brilliant large feathers of the peacock are the same; the plates are only at a greater distance, and of less brightness. They have been described as so many little mirrors, but that comparison is not correct, for then they would only give back light without colouring it. Neither do they act by decomposing the rays which pass through them, for then they would not lose their iris tints under the microscope. It is to metals alone that the metallic plumage of the humming-birds can be compared; the effects of the plates in a feather are like tempered steel or crystallized bismuth. Certain specimens emit colours very variable under different angles, the same scarlet feather becoming, when turned to ninety degrees, a beautiful emerald green.

The same process which nature has followed in the humming-bird is also found in the wing of the butterfly. It is covered with microscopic scales, which play the part of the feather, arranged like the tiles of a house, and taking the most elegant forms. They also lose their colour under magnifying power, and the quality of reflection shews that the phenomena are the same as in feathers. There is, however, a difference in the ex-

tent of the chromatic scale. Whilst the humming-bird partakes in its colours of the whole of the spectrum from the violet to the red, passing through green, those of the butterflies prefer the more refrangible ones from green to violet, passing through blue. The admirable lilac shade of the *Morpho menelas* and the *Morpho cypris* is well known, and the wings of these butterflies have been used by the jewellers, carefully laid under a thin plate of mica, and made into ornaments. A bright green is not uncommon, but the metallic red is rare, excepting in a beautiful butterfly of Madagascar, closely allied to one found in India and Ceylon. The latter has wings of a velvet black with brilliant green spots; in the former, these give place to a mark of fiery red.

There is the same difference between the metallic hues of creatures endowed with flight and the iris shades of fishes, that there is between crystallized bismuth and the soft reflections of the changing opal. To have an idea of the richness of the fish, it is only necessary to see a net landed filled with shad or other bright fish. It is one immense opal, with the same transparency of shade seen through the scales, which afford the only means of imitating pearls. It is due, however, not to the scales, but to extremely thin layers lying below the scales under the skin and round the blood-vessels, which look like so many threads of silver running through the flesh. Réaumur first noticed and described them; sometimes their form is as regular as that of a crystal, and of infinitesimal size and thickness. The art of the makers of false pearls is to collect these plates in a mass from the fish, and make a paste of them with the addition of glue, which is pompously named "Eastern Essence." This is put inside glass beads, and gives them the native whiteness of pearls.

Many observations have been made lately by our naturalists as to the defence which colour supplies to animals: hares, rabbits, stags, and goats possess the most favourable shade for concealing them in the depths of the forest or in the fields. It is well known that when the Volunteer corps were enrolled, and the most suitable colour for the riflemen was discussed, it was supposed to be green. Soldiers dressed in different shades were placed in woods and plains, to try which offered the best concealment. Contrary to expectation, that which escaped the eyes of the enemy was not green, but

the fawn colour of the doe. Among hunting quadrupeds, such as the tiger, the leopard, the jaguar, the panther, there is a shade of skin which man has always been anxious to appropriate for his own use. The old Egyptian tombs have paintings of the negroes of Sudan, their loins girt with the fine yellow skins for which there is still a great sale. All the birds which prey upon the smaller tribes, and fishes like the shark, are clothed in dead colours, so as to be the least seen by their victims.

There is an animal which, for two thousand years, has excited the curiosity and superstition of man by its change of colour—that is, the chameleon. No reasonable observation was ever made upon it, until Perrault instituted some experiments in the seventeenth century. He observed that the animal became pale at night, and took a deeper colour when in the sun, or when it was teased; whilst the idea that it took its colour from surrounding objects was simply fabulous. He wrapped it in different kinds of cloth, and once only did it become paler when in white. Its colours were very limited, varying from gray to green and greenish brown.

Little more than this is known in the present day: under our skies it soon loses its intensity of colour. Beneath the African sun, its livery is incessantly changing; sometimes a row of large patches appears on the sides, or the skin is spotted like a trout, the spots turning to the size of a pin's head. At other times, the figures are light on a brown ground, which a moment before were brown on a light ground, and these last during the day. A naturalist speaks of two chameleons which were tied together on a boat in the Nile, with sufficient length of string to run about, and so always submissive to the same influences of light, &c. They offered a contrast of colour, though to a certain degree alike; but when they slept under the straw chair which they chose for their domicile, they were exactly of the same shade during the hours of rest—a fine sea-green that never changed. The skin rested, as did the brain, so that it seemed probable that central activity, thought, will, or whatever name is given, has some effect in the change of colour. The probability is, that as they become pale, the pigment does not leave the skin, but that it is collected in spheres too small to affect our retina, which will be impressed by the same quantity of pigment when more extended.

It is undoubtedly the nerves which connect the brain with organs where the pigment is retained. By cutting a nerve, the colouring-matter is paralyzed in that portion of the skin through which the nerve passes, just as a muscle is isolated by the section of its nerve. If this operation be performed on a turbot when in a dark state, and thrown into a sandy bottom, the whole body grows paler, excepting the part which cannot receive cerebral influence. The nerves have, in general, a very simple and regular distribution: if two or three of these are cut in the body of the fish, a black transversal band following the course of the nerve will be seen; whilst, if the nerve which animates the head is thus treated, the turbot growing paler on the sand, keeps a kind of black mask, which has a very curious effect.

These marks will remain for many weeks, and what may be called paralysis of colour has been remarked in consequence of illness or accident. Such was seen in the head of a large turbot, the body being of a different colour. It was watched, and died after a few days, evidently of some injury which it had received. The subject offers a field of immense inquiry: the chemical and physical study of pigments, the conditions which regulate their appearance, their intensity, and variations under certain influences; the want of them in albinos, and the exaggerated development in other forms of disease. To Mr. Darwin, in England, and to M. Ponchet, in France, the subject is indebted for much research, which will no doubt be continued as occasion offers.

From The Academy.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

IN turning through some files of old newspapers, we have been surprised to notice that the question as to the propriety of women taking a more prominent part in public affairs was quite as diligently discussed a century ago as it is now-a-days. A few extracts which we have made will furnish somewhat curious illustrations of this. The *Morning Post* of April 14, 1780, contains the following announcement:—

“Casino, no. 43 Great Marlborough Street, this evening, the 14th inst., will commence the First Sessions of the Fe-

MALE PARLIAMENT. The Debate to be carried on by Ladies only, and a Lady to preside in the chair. Question — Is that assertion of Mr. Pope's founded in justice, which says 'Every woman is at heart a rake?' On the Sunday evening a theological question to be discussed."

In succeeding issues of the paper, formal reports of the proceedings of this parliament in petticoats are published, such as: — "Friday, April 21. The Speaker having taken the chair, it was resolved *nem. con.* that the assertion of Mr. Pope's, which says, 'Every woman is at heart a rake' is not founded in justice. A member presented to the House several petitions from men milliners, men mantua makers, &c., &c., against a bill entitled 'An Act to prevent men from monopolizing women's professions.' Resolved that said bill and said petitions be considered."

"Such is the universal rage for public speaking," writes the *Morning Post*, of May 20, 1780, "that the honourable Mrs. L—, possessed of no less than two thousand pounds a year, constantly speaks at the Casino Rooms on the nights of the ladies' debates."

In the *Morning Post* of March 9, 1781, we meet with this report: — "La Belle Assemblée — Budget. The opening of the Budget, and the debate which ensued upon the taxes that were proposed by the female Premier, as the Ways and Means for procuring the supplies for the present year, afforded such high and uncommon amusement to the numerous and splendid company in the Rooms, that a general request was made that on the subsequent Friday the Ladies should resume the consideration of the Budget, in preference to the question given out from the chair. In obedience, therefore, to the desire of the public, the Ladies mean this evening to resume the debate on the following taxes, viz.: —

1. Old maids and bachelors over a certain age.
2. On men milliners, men mantua makers, men marriage brokers.
3. On female foxes, female dragoons, female playwrights, and females of all descriptions who usurp the occupations of the men.
4. On monkies, lap-dogs, butterflies, parrots, and puppies, including those of the human species.
5. On made-up complexions.
6. On French dancers, French friseurs, French cooks, French milliners, and French fashion mongers.

7. On quacks and empirics, including those of the State, the Church, and the Bar, etc., etc."

About this time, too, we find the following ingenious problem propounded for the solution of a like gathering in "The Large Hall, Cornhill": — "Which is the happiest period of a man's life: when courting a wife, when married to a wife, or when burying a bad wife."

In 1788 an advertisement appears of the proposed opening, on March 17, of Rice's elegant rooms (late Hickford's), Brewer Street, Golden Square, for public debate by ladies only. The first subject suggested seems quite as comprehensive in the matter of women's rights as the most zealous advocate of them in our own day could desire. This is it: "Do not the extraordinary abilities of the ladies in the present age demand academical honours from the Universities, a right to vote at elections, and to be returned members of parliament?"

From Nature.

COL. GORDON'S JOURNEY TO GONDOKORO.

WE have been favoured with the following remarks concerning Colonel Gordon's journey to Gondokoro. Colonel Gordon, "His excellency, the Governor-general of the equator!" arrived at Khartoum on March 13, and had with him a *Pall Mall Gazette* of Feb. 13; he writes on the 17th from Khartoum as follows: —

"At this season of the year the air is so dry that animal matter does not decay or smell, it simply dries up hard; for instance, a dead camel becomes in a short time a drum.

"The Nile, flowing from the Albert Nyanza below Gondokoro, spreads out into two lakes; on the edge of these lakes aquatic plants, with roots extending 5 ft. into the water, flourish; the natives burn the tops when dry, and thus form soil for grass to grow on; this is again burnt, and it becomes a compact mass. The Nile rises and floats out portions, which, being checked in a curve of the channel, are joined by other masses, and eventually the river is completely bridged over for several miles, and all navigation is stopped.

"Last year the governor of Khartoum went up with three companies and two steamers, and cut away large blocks of the vegetation; at last one night the water

burst the remaining part, and swept down on the vessels, dragging them down some four miles, amidst (according to the Governor's account) hippopotami, crocodiles, and large fish, some alive and confounded, others dead or dying, the fish being crushed by the floating masses. One hippo was carried against the bows of the steamer and killed, and crocodiles 35 ft. long were killed: the Governor, who was on the marsh, had to go five miles on a raft to get to the steamer.

"The effects of these efforts of the Governor of Khartoum is that a steamer can now go to Gondokoro in twenty-one days, whereas it took months formerly to perform the same journey."

Colonel Gordon left Khartoum on March 21, and in his last letter from Fashoda, 10° N., he touches on some of the scenes on the banks of the rivers — the storks, which he was in the habit of seeing arrive on the Danube in April, laying back their heads between their wings and clapping their backs in joy at their return to their old nests on the houses, now wild and amongst the crocodiles 2,000 miles away from Turkey; the monkeys coming down to drink at the edge of the river, with their long tails, like swords, standing stiff up over their backs; the hippos and the crocodiles. Such scenes to a lover of nature, as Col. Gordon is, doubtless would serve to make up in some measure for the loss of civilized society and comforts.

From The Saturday Review.
TITLES.

IN the latter part of Mr. Bryce's account of Iceland in the *Cornhill Magazine** he gives a curious picture of a state of society in which men who are perfectly civilized in their thoughts and manners live in a physical condition not much above that of savages. And one feature of very primitive life they still keep in all its fulness. They have hardly any surnames, and they have no titles. A man is simply Sigurd; if you wish to distinguish him from some other Sigurd, he is simply Sigurd Magnusson. If you go to a house, and wish to see its mistress, you ask for nobody but plain Ingebiorg; or, if you wish to be formal, you do not call her Lady or Mrs., but only Ingebiorg Sigurdsdottir. For in Iceland, as in old

Rome, a married woman is known by her father's name; she cannot take the surname of her husband, because he has no surname for her to take. In all this we are carried back to the days when the smallest man in Athens or Rome could not call Perikles or Cæsar anything but Perikles or Cæsar — nay more, when he could not call Agaristè or Julia anything but Agaristè or Julia. At Rome, to be sure, there were little delicacies about the use of *prænomen*, *nomen*, and *cognomen*; while Perikles could be nothing but Perikles in the mouth of anybody, he whom the outer world called Cæsar would be known to an inner circle as Caius. So in the Universities a man is spoken to from the first moment of introduction by his *cognomen*, allowing for a few exceptional cases in which, owing to some special charm either in the man himself or in his *prænomen*, the *prænomen* is used instead. But Greeks, Romans, Icelanders, and undergraduates all agree in calling a man by nothing but one or other of his real names. Even in Iceland there are respectful ways of marking official rank, as when a man speaks to the Governor or the Bishop, but there is nothing like our fashion of putting a handle to the name of everybody. We use this last phase of set purpose; people constantly say that such a man has got a title, that he has got a "handle to his name," when he is made anything which gives him a right to be called Sir or Lord. Grave heraldic authorities who write peerages and books of landed gentry, and people who write letters to explain how, though they are not peers, they are still noblemen, draw a distinction between "titled" and "untitled" nobility, or gentry, or whatever word they choose to express that foreign thing which the law of England has always so unkindly refused to acknowledge. When people say that the new lord or baronet or knight has got a "title," or a "handle," they forget that he has been called by a "title," or a "handle," ever since the first time that his nurse spoke of him as "Master Tommy," or perhaps more familiarly as "Master Poppet." We are so much in the habit of giving everybody titles, just as we are so much in the habit of talking in prose, that we have got to be as unconscious of the one process as of the other. We are so constantly in the habit of giving everybody the titles of Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Master, that we forget that all these are titles, and we fancy that no one bears a title but

* LIVING AGE, No. 1567.

those who are called Lord, Lady, or Sir. In fact, the smaller every-day titles are more strictly and purely titles than the others, because they are mere titles, while the others are in most cases titles and something more. Duke, Earl, Bishop, are not mere titles; they wear badges of actual rank; they are originally and still to some extent, descriptions of office. But we call people Mr. and Mrs., not to express rank or office, but simply to avoid what passes for the undue familiarity of calling them, in Greek or Icelandic fashion, simple John and Mary. The custom undoubtedly came in through the use of official descriptions. A man was called John the Earl, or Peter the Bishop, or anything else, greater or smaller, to mark him off from those Johns or Peters who held some other office or no office at all. The official description easily slides into the title used, not merely to describe office, but to express respect. But, as long as the description marks out any definite office, or even any definite rank, it is not a mere title; it really serves to point out what the man is, and not merely to avoid the necessity of calling him by his simple Christian or surname. If John Churchill is Duke of Marlborough, we call him Duke of Marlborough, not merely to avoid calling him John Churchill, but to express the fact that he is Duke of Marlborough. But if John Churchill is nothing but John Churchill, and we call him Mr. John Churchill, we do so, not to express any fact at all, but merely to avoid the seeming rudeness of calling him simply John Churchill. Thus the Iclander recognizes the official rank of the Governor and the Bishop, only he differs from us in holding that plain Sigurd and Ingebiorg have no need to be called anything but Sigurd and Ingebiorg.

In this way it is plain that the "untitled classes" are really those who are most truly titled, those to whom titles are most habitually given simply as titles and for no other reason. All Europe, except the happy Iclanders, conforms to the fashion, and there seems no great likelihood that the rest of Europe will go back to the simpler practice of one unsophisticated island. How deeply embedded the practice is in all modern habits of thought is shown by the fact that when the first French Republicans determined to abolish titles, all that they did was to abolish the old titles, and to invent a new title of their own. When a man was called Citizen Roland, it was no

less a title—indeed, according to our showing, it was much more of a title—than if he had been called Duke of Montmorency. A man was not to be called *Monsieur*, but he was to be called *Citoyen*; but *Citoyen* expressed, just as much as *Monsieur*, the feeling which distinguishes all of us from the Greek, the Roman, and the Iclander, the shrinking from calling a man by his name and nothing else. It never came into the head of an Athenian or a Roman to speak of a man as Citizen Perikles, or Citizen Cæsar, though there would really have been more sense in so doing than there was among the French Republicans, for no Athenian or Roman had declared that all men were equal, and the title of citizen might have expressed the very wide distinction between the member of the ruling commonwealth and the member of any of the inferior classes, from the mere slave up to the Latin or the Plataian. And even in those cases where intimate friendship or any other ground causes men to speak of one another simply by their names, it is only done privately and among equals. The man whom we speak to as Smith becomes Mr. Smith in a speech or an article, and in the like sort the undergraduate, to whom Smith is Smith from the very beginning, speaks of Mr. Smith either to his tutor or to his scout. Thus, even when we go furthest in dropping titles, we do not dare to drop them altogether; we have not got back to the stage of talking of Perikles and Sigurd at all times and to all persons. There is indeed one exception, though not in our own country. He who finds himself reviewed in a German periodical enjoys the privilege of being praised or blamed by his simple surname and nothing else. And it might be well to set up an *ισοπολιτεία*, an interchange of privilege, in this matter. If for no other cause, yet for this, that, as the German and the Englishman, if they try their hand at any kind of title, are sure to miscall one another, a good deal of inaccuracy is saved if they agree to call one another by no title at all.

There is something in our received system of titles, great and small, which seems very puzzling to men of all other nations. The Baronet or Knight and the Esquire seem very mysterious beings. It is strange that the title of "Sir," in its origin so purely French, should have become in its use so purely English that no Frenchman can understand it. We suspect that what makes our titles so

puzzling to Frenchmen is their variety. An Englishman's description may begin in twenty different ways; a Frenchman's description always begins in one way. An Englishman may be Lord, Sir, Colonel, Doctor, plain "Mr.;" a Frenchman is always "Monsieur." He may be plain letter "M.," or he may be "M. le Duc;" but he is "M." in every case. Then the Esquire outrages the feelings of the whole human race by sticking his title after his name instead of before it. This no foreigner can allow. A Frenchman must indeed be familiar with English ways to keep himself from putting "M. John Smith, Esq." You may write down your description in full in your own hand, but the "M." is sure to appear in the address of the letter which your foreign friend writes to you. His feeling is, "*Vous êtes trop modeste,*" as an Englishman is sometimes told when he begs earnestly not to be called "Milord." The truth is that the style of the Esquire is altogether anomalous. It is stuck after the name and not before, because it is not really a title, but a description. A. B. is described as Esquire, as another man may be described as Knight, Clerk—anything down to Labourer. The description of "A. B., Esquire," is, in fact, the remnant of the oldest formula of all, "*Cnut Cyning,*" "*Harold Eorl,*" and the like, which survives, or did survive a few years back, when visitors to Blenheim are called on to look at the portrait and exploits of "John Duke." By some odd freak, this kind of description goes on in any mention of an Esquire which is in the least degree formal, though colloquially he is spoken of by the "Mr." which it would be thought disrespectful to put on the outside of a letter. The peasant who talks about Squire Tomkins is far more consistent. Then again this description of "Esquire," a mere description and no title, is, oddly enough, just the thing which a man avoids calling himself. It has an odd look when a sheriff, signing an official paper, signs "A. B., Esquire," and it has an odd sound when a magistrate qualifying describes himself as "A. B., Esquire." Whether a Sheriff who is a Baronet should sign himself, as he commonly does, "Sir A. B., Baronet," we doubt. Should he not rather sign himself "A. B.,

Baronet," as his description, and wait for other people to give him the title of Sir?

Besides the substantive title or description, there is the honorary adjective and the honorary periphrasis. These are much older than mere titles; they are as old as Homer. What our modern rules have done is simply to stiffen them, so that everybody knows exactly which to apply to everybody. But it is odd how the substantives and adjectives got confounded, as if they were things of the same kind which excluded one another. It is now thought vulgar to call a privy councillor or a peer's son "Hon." or "Right Hon. A. B., Esquire." It was the right thing early in the last century. And the older usage was more rational. A peer's son is an Esquire; "Esquire" is therefore his proper description; he is also entitled to the complimentary adjective "Honourable." The substantive and the adjective in no way exclude one another. One might make a long list of usages in the way of titles which are absurd and ungrammatical; as, for instance, the last new piece of affectation, "The Reverend the Honourable A. B.," which seems to have just displaced "The Honourable and Reverend A. B.," which is grammatical and intelligible. But it is enough to point out the crowning absurdity of such phrases as "Her Majesty," "Her Majesty the Queen," and the like. They are vulgar corruptions of the fine old formula "the Queen's Majesty." When the King, Prince, Duke, or other exalted person has once been described it is sense and grammar to go on speaking of "his Majesty," "his Highness," "his Grace;" but it is clearly ungrammatical to talk of "his Majesty" when nothing has gone before for "his" to refer to. And "Her Majesty the Queen," can all the heralds in the land parse these words? When Charles the First greeted Laud on his highest promotion with the words "My Lord's Grace of Canterbury, you are welcome," he spoke the King's English; but "His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury" is simple gibberish.

From these difficulties, and from these courtly vulgarisms, men were of old free at Athens, and they are still free in Iceland.